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THE MEANING OF THE ELECTIONS.

THE turmoil of the elections is pretty nearly over; and it is time to ask what it is, in substance, that the country has pronounced? There have been abundance of small theories on the subject, none of which strike us as containing more than a very slight modicum of truth. The notion that the whole practical import of all the struggles which have disturbed the peace of counties and boroughs is simply a vote of approval of the China war, is abandoned at last even by the *Times*; and our contemporary has been obliged to give up the classification of the returns which it commenced, on the basis of the opinions expressed about the nationality of a hybrid lorch. The people, we are glad to see, have had more sense than to select their representatives on grounds so entirely disconnected from the great social and material interests of the country. But if the response of the constituencies means more than a mere China vote, is it to be understood as an unqualified acceptance of pure Palmerstonianism? At the first blush, there was something to countenance this view; and there is no doubt that the PREMIER's character for pluck, and the credit which he won by coming into power just at the turn of the tide of war, has exerted an appreciable influence on many of the elections. But this is not the whole significance of the returns—as Lord PALMERSTON perhaps will discover, should he endeavour, on the strength of his personal popularity, to disregard the wishes of the party which still owns him as its chief. According to another theory, the essential result of the appeal to the country consists in the rejection of sectional interests, the consolidation of parties, and the re-establishment of the old-fashioned game at see-saw between the ins and the outs. This view has just a few facts to give it plausibility. The doctrinaire cliques have suffered more than any. Exeter Hall has been sorely discomfited. The Maynooth cry fell almost dead upon the carnal ears of ten-pound householders. Free-trade has triumphed so completely in the House that it has lost its value as a distinctive principle for party purposes. The ballot was popular, as usual, with a certain class of boroughs, but it has obtained neither a wider nor a more energetic support than on former occasions. There is not a single narrow specialty which has not been more or less discountenanced. But if members are less committed than usual to particular nostrums, it is certainly a great mistake to suppose that they have as yet substituted party allegiance for a crotchety independence. There never was a House less bound to this or that leader, or less impregnated with the conviction that private opinion is to be subordinated to party tactics, than the present one is likely to prove. There may be a considerable body who are resolute to hold by the pugnacious PREMIER, just as boys range themselves under the lead of the cock of the school. On the other side, there is a moderate section which will doubtless abide by Mr. DISRAELI, less from personal or political sympathy than from the want of capacity to produce from their ranks a leader more congenial to their tastes. But these parties will form but a small proportion of the House, and the chief numerical strength of Ministers will be drawn from Liberals who suspect their own champion, and Conservatives who think him a safer Tory than the Opposition leader.

But though it is not China, nor Palmerstonism, nor sectional independence, nor party organization, in which the true interpretation of the elections is to be sought, are we to conclude that the country has spoken with an unmeaning voice? We think not. Two marked tendencies are very visible. In the first place, there is a palpable advance of Liberalism; and, what is more significant, the principle of progress has shown an unexpected tendency towards one special manifestation. When we say that Liberalism has advanced, we refer less to the numerical changes in the nomi-

nal strength of parties than to the concessions which the most retrograde politicians have thought it necessary to make to popular ideas. We believe that we may say of this election what could not have been said of any previous one—that there has not been one pure specimen of a Tory speech on a single hustings, from one end of the country to the other. Every one affects progress in his own way. Sometimes it may be a very small way indeed; but the universal appropriation of the commonplaces of Liberalism, even by the steadiest of the Conservatives, is enough to show that the new Parliament will be far more infected with ideas of progress than the sum total of the Liberal gains, whether they be ten, or twenty, or fifty, alone would indicate.

Another remarkable fact—and, we think, the most material fact of all—is the prominence of the topic of Reform. The common belief, before the dissolution, was that the people at large could not be got to take an interest in the question. Unless, however, candidates of all parties have been strangely wanting in sagacity, there must be a stronger undercurrent of feeling in this direction than had been supposed. We have not yet come to the stage of noisy demonstration, but, somehow or other, both in boroughs and in counties, Whigs and Tories, Peelites and Peace-men, have either declared for Reform in one shape or another, or have at least been careful to repudiate the imputation of anything like a prejudice against some modification of the Bill of 1832. Even Conservatives have eschewed the finality doctrines which a few years ago formed the creed of the Whigs. Many of the mild advocates of Reform in the abstract will assuredly oppose any Bill which can possibly be produced; but, empty as their professions may be, they are not the less shadows of a coming change. When all men are looking in one direction—some with hope and resolution, others perhaps with fear and hesitation—there can be no doubt of the goal towards which events are tending. But more significant omens are abroad. Putting out of consideration the sickly assent which reluctant Tories have given to Reform, there is a decided stir in every section of the Liberal camp. It is true that Lord PALMERSTON, almost alone, has carefully avoided the subject; but with Sir JAMES GRAHAM and Lord JOHN RUSSELL at the head of the movement, ready to seize the opportunity which he may reject, it will be impossible for the PREMIER to taboo the question. Every member of the ABERDEEN Government stands committed to a step in advance, and that will leave but scanty debating power to the opposing party. Some—as, for instance, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT—have spoken out as decidedly as the most thorough Reformer could desire. When an actual Reform Bill comes under discussion, it will inevitably produce, upon that particular question, a more decisive separation of parties than we have seen since the downfall of Protection. Many a timid talker about cautious modifications will relapse into obstructiveness when a practical measure has to be considered; and the struggle will probably put new energy and life into the party of stagnation, no less than into the party of progress. But, except on this one point, the old divisions seem to be irrecoverably lost, until a reconstruction of the electoral body shall give scope for wider differences of opinion than are now to be found among our representatives. Notwithstanding all the special explanations which have been given of the break-up of parties during the last few years, there is but one rational way of accounting for the phenomenon. After the reform of 1832, Toryism, though shaken in strength and diminished in numerical force, was for a time rather intensified than otherwise by the alarm which the Radical triumphs had excited. There was no difficulty then about party organization. When terror had expired, interest took its place, and Protection served well enough as a rallying cry for the party of resistance. But ever since that solemn imposture has been quietly interred in the grave of all humbugs, the means of

creating real parties have been wanting, because the extreme range of opinion, not only in the House, but throughout the whole electoral body, scarcely involved more than differences of degree and detail. There was no longer a section of the country absolutely opposed to change, and the prevalent type of Liberalism became milder and milder as Toryism died out.

There are only two parties possible as permanent organizations—that whose instinct is to improve, and that which is chiefly anxious to preserve. When the most decided of the innovators became so moderate as to cause little real alarm in the most timid Conservatives, the old party distinctions inevitably died out, or degenerated into mere personal combinations. There is little likelihood of a restoration of the machinery of Parliamentary parties, so long as the whole body is chosen by electors who may call themselves Liberal Conservatives or Conservative Liberals, but the great mass of whom are practically the advocates of the same middle-class ideas of moderate progress. A little extension of the basis of representation may suffice to introduce an element of more pronounced politics, which will throw the cautious section of the progressive party into an attitude of resistance, which the moderate Liberalism of late years has failed to provoke in the converted Protectionists who do duty as Her Majesty's Opposition. Then, and not before, we may expect to see the Parliamentary rank and file again obedient to the lead of their respective chiefs.

DRED SCOTT.

THERE is so marked a revulsion in England from the strong interest which was felt a few months ago in the American Slavery question, that we had intended to put aside for the present a decision of great importance, on the subject of negro servitude, which has recently been pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States. But the comments on it which we have read in some of our contemporaries are so inaccurate, and the ferment caused by it in America is so decidedly on the increase, that we think it may be useful to explain, with some care, the legal bearings of the great case of the negro, DRED SCOTT. A coloured man, bearing this name, was born a slave in one of the Southern States. Some time after he had reached maturity, his owner took him into a free State, and suffered him to reside there about two years. The negro then returned to the South, and was immediately claimed by his former master as a slave. The claim was sustained by the local judicature, but DRED SCOTT appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, to which, as is well known, the American Constitution has confided the protection of all rights growing out of the relation of State to State, or of any one State to the Federation. The complainant pleaded that he had, in effect, been enfranchised by his permitted residence in an independent commonwealth, by whose laws slavery was forbidden. Such an allegation would have been plainly untenable if he had been a runaway, escaped to free soil; for in that case, the provision in the Constitution on which the notorious Fugitive Slave Act is founded would have saved his owner's rights. It was, however, admitted that his master had voluntarily allowed him to live long enough in the free State to acquire a domicile; and thence arose the legal difficulty of his case.

It seems, at first sight, as if it would have been enough for the advocates of DRED SCOTT to rely on the positive prohibition of slavery in the legal system of the State which had adopted him. But the extent of the extra-territorial operation of local laws is always a difficult point in international jurisprudence; and the degree to which the law of each State has force beyond its boundaries is a question far from settled, in all its bearings, by the jurists of the United States. The counsel of the negro judged it safer, accordingly, to fall back on other ground. DRED SCOTT had resided in one of the newer Free-States; and it was urged on his behalf that slavery was interdicted, not only by the laws of the State where he had lived, but by the laws of the Territory out of which that State had been formed. A Territory, we ought perhaps to remark, is the name given to dependencies of the American Federation which have not yet attained to the dignity of Sovereign States. For such dependencies the Congress of the United States legislates—such at least, has hitherto been the received doctrine—in the plenitude of supreme power, though it occasionally delegates part of its prerogative to a local assembly. Now, throughout the whole

of the vast region once known as the North-West Territory, slavery, as we shall presently show, had been forbidden by Acts of the Congress at Washington; and the State in which the negro had been domiciled was one of those which had originally formed part of this very North-West Territory. Hence the freedom of DRED SCOTT was alleged to be protected, not merely by the local code of an individual State, but by enactments of the Congress of the United States, which were binding on all sections of the Union.

Two famous pieces of legislation have always been looked upon as having saved the North-Western States from the intrusion of slavery. One of these is older than the Constitution of the United States itself. After the achievement of independence, the State of Virginia found herself in nominal possession of an enormous tract of unsettled country, lying to the north of the Ohio, and extending northwards to the great lakes, and westwards to the upper waters of the Mississippi. A dependency of such magnitude, threatening as it did to destroy in time anything like a balance of power among the several States, was a serious obstacle to the establishment of the Federal Union; and Virginia, with a patriotic confidence in the fortune of the emancipated colonies, determined on ceding it to Congress—not, it should be remembered, the Congress of the United States, which was not yet in existence, but the old Congress of Delegates which had carried through the war of independence. The cession, though made by a slave-holding commonwealth, was accompanied by the express condition that servitude should be forever prohibited throughout the ceded territory; and Congress, accepting it on these terms, passed an enactment, known ever afterwards as the North-Western Ordinance, by which slavery, between certain geographical limits, was rendered absolutely illegal. A few years more brought the memorable epoch at which the American Federation was established, and its charter—the Constitution of the United States—enacted and put into operation. The Federal Congress of the United States then ratified and confirmed the North-Western Ordinance; and to this Ordinance, thus solemnly re-enacted, the powerful States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan—since formed out of the North-Western Territory—have uniformly attributed their deliverance from the curse of slavery. The legal obligation of the Ordinance was confined, however, as we have stated, to the district ceded by Virginia. As soon as the emigration to the West had extended beyond the old North-Western Territory, a further re-adjustment of the Slavery question became imperative. A crisis then occurred which was one of the most formidable in the history of the United States. The Southern planters had carried their negroes into the districts lying about the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri; and the Territory, now the State, of Missouri, on pressing for admittance into the Federation, claimed to be let in as a slave-holding commonwealth. The North, entering on the first of its sectional conflicts with the South, vehemently resisted the attempt of Missouri to enter the Union on these terms—alleging that the southern limit of the new State was a prolongation of the southern boundary of the North-Western Territory, and urging that, as the principle of the North-Western Ordinance had been the exclusion of Slavery from the whole north-west of the continent, Missouri ought to be regarded as justly falling within its provisions. The Southern Slaveholders, on the other hand, without questioning the validity of the North-Western Ordinance, refused to allow it any operative character beyond the limits of the country to which it originally applied. The dispute, which involved all the elements of the envenomed quarrels which have succeeded it, was quieted by the famous Missouri Compromise, the work of Mr. HENRY CLAY. Missouri, though lying to the north of the usual boundary between Free and Slave-soil, was admitted as a Slave-State; but the Act of Congress which enrolled it a member of the Federation declared Slavery illegal through the rest of the North-west, up to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Everybody is probably aware that the recent controversy about Kansas hinged on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, through the influence of President PIERCE.

DRED SCOTT had acquired a domicile in one of the States formed out of the North-Western Territory, and it seems further, though this is not clearly stated in the reports of the case which we have seen, that he had resided occasionally in the country included within the Missouri Compromise. His counsel appealed therefore to the North-Western Ordinance and to the Missouri Act. Both were statutes of the Congress of the United States, and both therefore appeared to create

rights which challenged respect in every corner of the Union. But the Supreme Court of the United States decided against the negro's freedom; and, in looking at the grounds which it assigned for its judgment, it is impossible to resist the conviction that this august tribunal, which now consists of Southern Judges in immense majority, selected its reasons not for their cogency, but for their offensiveness to the North. A lawyer might easily devise many plausible considerations on which the claim of DRED SCOTT could be disallowed. But the Supreme Court took up a position which can only be paralleled in England by supposing the Queen's Bench suddenly to decide that Magna Charta was null and void, having been wrung from King John by improper constraint, and that all its confirmations were inoperative. The Judges first decided that the North-Western Ordinance was repealed by the Federal Constitution, and that the Congress of the United States had no power to re-enact it. The citizens of the South, they said, had a natural right to carry their property wherever they pleased; and, unless they chose to surrender that right by an express article in the Federal Constitution, it remained permanent and indelible. The Missouri Compromise was, *a fortiori*, a nullity. The North had no power to exact it, the South none to yield it, the Congress none to sanction it. It would be difficult to conceive a harsher blow to the citizens of the North than this judicial commentary on the Kansas agitation. Not only are the Northerners told that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was no grievance, but they are informed that there was no Missouri Compromise to repeal. It had been from the first a mere nullity. This was pretty well, but the Supreme Court had yet another shaft in its quiver. Without being even solicited to express an opinion on the point, it decided that no coloured person, whether slave or free, was or could be a citizen of the United States, and that consequently DRED SCOTT could not sue in the Supreme Court, even for the purpose of establishing his own freedom.

The consequences of this decision will be felt as long as the United States exist. We agree with the most sober and thoughtful of the Northern journals, that for the first time a solid foundation has been laid for an Abolitionist policy. The past expedients of the North to liberate itself from slavery are declared to have been illegal—all future attempts are disallowed by anticipation. But the severest wound is dealt by the resolution of the Judges, in virtue of which DRED SCOTT was declared incompetent, as a negro, to bring suit in the Supreme Court. It may be observed that it exactly reverses the situation hitherto occupied by the North and South in reference to slavery. Until now, it has been considered that the freedom of men was the rule, their servitude the exception. Negroes have been thought to have a natural right to liberty, though that natural right was annulled by the positive institutions of the Southern States. Now it is the solemn doctrine of the highest American tribunal that slavery is the rule, freedom the exception. Negroes are naturally slaves; and though, from an unaccountable crotchet, some Northern States have endowed men of African extraction with liberty, their right to do this is precisely on a level with their right to confer their citizenship, if they please, on parrots, monkeys, or learned pigs. The old notion was that the Southern negro was *de jure* a freeman, *de facto* a slave. The new view is that the Northern "coloured man" is *de jure* a slave, *de facto* a freeman—a beast of burden, for the moment unharnessed from his yoke. Such is the progress of ideas in the most enlightened Republic of modern times.

WHAT IT COMES TO.

THE permanent organ of the Majority has recently been describing to us a few of the sacrifices which we are called upon to make in return for the priceless blessing of a Palmerstonian Parliament. In the first place, we must give up Oratory. Lord PALMERSTON, indeed, can express his meaning in plain words, but he lacks the art to dress it out, and decorate it, and set it in attractive lights; and accordingly, *il va sans dire* that we must put a stop to the sort of fellow who makes his arguments go for more than they are worth by the aid of rhetorical crinoline. Next, we must surrender Reform. It is true that the sternest Conservatives begin to suspect that there must be something wrong with an electoral franchise which gives us constituencies quite unable to appreciate an interest or a celebrity that is not purely local; but then Lord PALMERSTON is rather a favourite with these literal worshippers of the "idols of the market-place," and

therefore it stands to reason that we must remain satisfied with our Parliament of town-clerks. Lastly, we must forego the luxury of something which is described as "an artificial and esoteric standard of political truth." We have a vehement suspicion that this "artificial and esoteric standard of truth" used to be more shortly described in old-world books of morality as Conscience. Certainly it is rather strong, even for a disciple of JOHN LOCKE, to speak of Conscience as artificial; but it is the way of great journalists to serve up a mess of incoherent words, and leave us to extract from them a faint savour of meaning. We discover, by the context, that this "artificial and esoteric standard" is to be exchanged for that other criterion of right and wrong which consists in taking the particular view of things in general which pays best for the moment; and therefore we have no doubt that the indulgence we are asked to forego is Conscience, or Conviction. No Oratory, no Reform, and no Conscience, are to be the characteristics of the Palmerstonian Parliament.

A very decided, though not quite intentional, compliment to certain sections of politicians is conveyed by these round-about warnings to the new Parliament, of which we have had so much during the last fortnight. Their meaning we understand to be, that the Conservatives unattached, or Peelites, and the Liberals unattached, or Peace party, are exceedingly dangerous to Lord PALMERSTON, and that, if the new members are not on their guard, they run much risk of being entrapped by Conscience, Oratory, and Reform, which are the baits of the enemy. Indeed, it is very clear that if parties within the House continue proof against the lesson which the elections are supposed to have taught them, the Treasury Bench, in spite of the confidence of the country in Lord PALMERSTON, is likely to be anything but a comfortable seat. As in the old House of Commons, so in the new, the PREMIER has scarcely a speaker to put up on behalf of the Government on the great field-days of debate. With the exception of Mr. LOWE, who has never succeeded in obtaining the ear of the House, and of Sir GEORGE GREY and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—both of whom mar by a vicious utterance oratorical capabilities of a very high order—the Ministry cannot show one single debater whose performance is not a punishment to his hearers. Such a predicament would be tolerable if there were only the regular Opposition to deal with; for Mr. DISRAELI opens himself to retort so often as almost to neutralize the advantage which he gains by his cleverness, and Lord PALMERSTON's real talent lies in handling an antagonist who has previously made a fool of himself. But if Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM aid the attack, each in his peculiar style, the melancholy spectacle of the Chinese debate will be repeated again and again; and the Government, always winning in divisions, always losing in debates, will have a period of uncomfortable power, which can only terminate in disgrace. It is, too, our strong opinion that, if the posture of parties remains what it was before the dissolution, the independent section, now completely expelled from the House, will be even more dangerous to the Ministry than the independent politicians indoors. The gentlemen of the Manchester school are likely to make their way, one by one, into Parliament by the dropping of chance seats; but, if their great ambition is to obtain influence with the country, we are convinced they had better stay where they are. There has been loud and unseemly exultation in Ministerial cliques at the banishment of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT from the Legislature. It seems, however, to be forgotten that the true arena of these great athletes is not Parliament, but the platform; and that, if their wish is to reinstate themselves in the popular favour which has deserted them for the moment, they have only to take up any one of the thousand cries which agitators of less genius are shouting into the careless ears of the public. The House of Commons has never been anything but a secondary stage for the leaders of the League. Mr. BRIGHT had nearly made himself one of its foremost men, but it was only by a series of efforts which seem to have been too much for his physical constitution. We trust, however, that his retirement from public life will prove as temporary as the mood of popular feeling which has for the moment deprived him of a seat, and that he will at no distant day be able to recal a decision which Englishmen of all parties and opinions must deeply regret. Mr. COBDEN never seemed at home in Parliament, and scarcely ever spoke up to the level of his powers. But on the platform, either of them would be sure of triumphs at once easy, certain, and conspicuous; and there cannot be a shadow of a

doubt that, if they pleased, they could warm up even the dry bones of the Administrative Reform Association into a monster which would be fatal to a Government that is as far as possible from desirous of dispensing with Red-tape and Routine.

We have made these remarks only with the view of explaining the strange forms of swagger which have lately shown themselves in the Ministerial prints. Even if the advice which they convey tells at first on the new Parliament, it can have no lasting effect; for, though one should persuade a member of the House of Commons to be tolerant for a while of leaders who hum on principle and haw on a system, it is certain that the dominant feeling by which the House is acted upon will always, in the long run, be the dread of being bored. For our own part, it is not at all our wish that any Liberal Government should perish of an atrophy of rhetoric. We are desirous that each side of the House should have its fair share of oratorical talent, and we have already expressed our hope that the gentlemen who have hitherto occupied an independent position, whether they are ex-Liberals or ex-Conservatives, will find themselves able to act habitually with one side of the House or the other. The suggestion of the Ministerial writers, that instead of following their convictions they should henceforward go on the principle that majorities are in the right, is about as impudent as it is immoral; but there is no question that the habit of independence is apt to become, in time, the habit of indulging crotchets. The PEEL party founded itself too exclusively on the assumption that the only true field of influence was Parliament. The League politicians relied too confidently on their peculiar clique at Manchester. Both have somewhat neglected that last arbiter of political questions—the country. It must now be clear to both sections that their basis needs enlarging, and they can each take the measures necessary to their re-establishment in power without repentance and without constraint of conscience. On the one hand, no one but a fool will contend that their past policy has been other than honourable to themselves and advantageous to the commonwealth. On the other, this very policy has given security to statesmen of all sides that allegiance to party will not, in future, be a hard or a servile tenure.

THE FOUL WARDS OF LONDON.

NATURE will be heard. Sometimes she speaks in pestilence, and sometimes in famine, but her revelations are always messages of mercy. The cholera has been the greatest blessing to this country—the day of Ireland's regeneration dated from the failure of the potato crop. The impending murrain, if it teaches us the salutary lesson of providence in the consumption of animal food, and rebukes our thankless waste in not making use of the teeming produce of our seas, may be welcomed, as to its results at least, however we may deplore the immediate calamity. Science, which, if we listened to her, would forestall these judgments, only speaks in muffled voice—it requires the louder and unmistakable appeal of death to teach the people their duties. Dr. LETHEBY's recent report on the state of certain London districts, actually within the select and narrow circle of the City Proper, is a document of which it is impossible to mistake the significance. It tells us that the unhealthiest district in England is in the very centre of the metropolis. In the Eastern Union of the City of London, half a mile from the Royal Exchange, the death-rate is beyond that of the worst manufacturing townships. While, in the healthy parts of the city, the proportion of infantine deaths to the aggregate mortality is only 30 per cent., in the crowded and unhealthy black spots of London children die at the rate of 43 per cent. It becomes, then, almost as difficult to rear children in the metropolis of England as in India. The conclusion is, that while, naturally, as to site and soil, London might be, or rather is, as healthy a residence as even a country district, we wilfully make it the worst. The average annual mortality of England is 25 per 1000—the average mortality of the open city districts is 20 per 1000—the average mortality of the close city districts is 31 per 1000. And this proportion is a growing one. The gross death-rate has hitherto been, for the whole of the City, 25 per 1000—at present it is more than 26. That is to say, the plague is palpably on the increase.

Nor is the reason of this appalling increase of mortality far to seek. Our people die in Bishopsgate and Houndsditch because we have cleared Cannon-street, just as we made St.

Giles's worse by cutting New Oxford-street through those crowded dens. It becomes almost a question whether a city is really benefited by these showy moral tunnels, or whether there is any social gain at all in the matter. Paris at the present moment is an instance in point. A rise in room-rent is the invariable result of a vast and handsome new street. But a rise in room-rent jams the crowds close together; and the result is a premium upon fever, promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, social disorganization, disease, crime, and death. The moral consequences of the crowded state of East London are perhaps more appalling than the material ones. Dr. LETHEBY has made notes of certain rooms containing on the average six souls—or rather bodies—lodging and sleeping in each. Two men, three women, and two children were found sleeping in the same apartment. The Cities of the Plain are reproduced in the very citadel of arts and commerce—in the very home of education and religion. This is life in London. But there is something even more ghastly than this. Poetry of old painted as its heaviest curse the unnatural horror of linking the living with the dead. In London we find the unburied corpse reclining on one bed, and on the next a woman in travail. Life and death, birth and the grave, the death rattle and the wail of the infant entering that foul and cursed atmosphere, and shrieking at its coming miseries—

*Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum.*

This is the more ghastly, but perhaps the more painful, aspect of humanity—death is a release from the fouler and more unutterable wrongs of life. When "all the offices of nature are performed in the most public and offensive manner," and when every human instinct of propriety and decency is smothered, it is no wonder that we are told of "brothers and sisters and cousins occupying the same bed of filthy rags or straw." After this, we want no hints of that "even more extreme debasement" of which the medical officer speaks. From all this festering heap of moral defilement, it is with something like relief that one turns to the less horrible contemplation of the scientific aspect of these dens. After familiarity with incest, and worse than incest, the visible presence of fever, and the unseen elements of putrefaction, taking almost bodily shape, are a relief. It is with almost a welcome that the chemist meets the fatal carbonic acid and the deadly alkaline gases stalking in something like visible shape round these chambers of horrors, and sweeping these poor victims of sin, and of our neglect, from the world which they avenge. That epidemic diseases only decimate such a population is the wonder. Does it require the Black Death itself to rouse London to its interests, if not to its duties?

The parallel is so obvious that it was instantly and forcibly urged, that here is DIVES in the City, and LAZARUS in Bishopsgate. The case is, however, in fact, worse than that of the parable. The sin of DIVES was that the beggar was at his gate, and he knew not of the outcast. We have not this excuse. Dr. LETHEBY's report is not the first of its kind. We have chosen to shut our eyes to all this. Mr. SIMON said all this before. The Reports made under the Common Lodging Houses Act have given us all this information. Sanitary Commissioners have harped upon this string before now. The statistics of it all have been published long previously to last Wednesday. But we would not hear. And now to-morrow, on Easter Sunday, in at least a hundred churches in this very city, earnest men will repeat, and rejoicing congregations will hear, that CHRIST has arisen. He may have arisen for Africa and India—we may be sending out missionaries to jungle and prairie—but there is, in the very centre of all this Christian liberality, within the sound of twice a hundred church bells, a hell, into the thick darkness of which no Sun of Righteousness, no ray of common human charity, has ever penetrated. If our Christianity is worth its name, its professors—not to say in especial its ministers—will remember that charity which begins at home, and will pluck out that horrible beam which closes up their eyesight from the moral corruption seething and rotting at their own church doors. And so with our philanthropists. Is it not better to postpone even such a necessary work as that of reformatories to that one thing more needful, and more urgent, and cheaper too—that of cutting off those sources of corruption which render reformatories themselves a necessity? It is not that we charge the guilt of these things upon any body of men—either upon Church or State, the clergy or the municipal authorities. Everybody is at fault, and everybody is responsible; and it is a mere

waste of time to attempt to fasten that responsibility upon individuals, or upon corporate shortcomings or neglects. Nor is the evil to be cured by appeals or invectives, by indignation or rhetoric. It is a mere matter of business, and is to be set about, and of course to be remedied, in an ordinary, matter-of-fact, business way. There is law enough, and energy enough, and, as we humbly believe, will and inclination enough, to slay the hydra. It wants no spiritual miracle or moral Hercules to cleanse this abominable den. Pestilence and immorality can be dealt with by common-place and every-day means. God and Nature alike, or rather God in nature, is appealing to us only to use those ordinary arms which are already in our hands. We presume that it will not be discovered that, in its jealous claim for immunity from external control, the Common Lodging-houses Act has not been extended to the City of London, especially in its Eastern Union. If, as Dr. LETHBRIDGE asserts, the law already "gives the City power to enforce the registration of such places as common lodging-houses"—although the question fairly arises why this has not already been done—it is quite plain that the remedy is easy enough. That it will be other than very expensive and very troublesome we do not urge. But this is April. Before the autumn shakes from its horrid hair plague and pestilence, there is time for a better mind. The alleys of Bishopsgate can be cleansed, and their pest-producing denizens can be thinned out. If this is not done, and done at once, it will be but adding to our crimes and insulting God to talk of cholera as a judgment. If THUCYDIDES rebukes the folly of "men who, having it in their own power to save themselves by human means, turn to superstitious sources of hope," Christian propriety will abstain from the blasphemy of saddling God with the consequences of our own unchristian and immoral neglects.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA ON THE HUSTINGS.

THE text of the despatch in which the Emperor of CHINA had been said to have announced his pacific disposition has at length, after a strange delay, been published in the columns of the *Times*. The substance of it is, that YEH is ordered to carry on a war of extermination, and inflict an exemplary chastisement on the foreign barbarians. When that amiable Governor deems that he has taken sufficient vengeance, the magnanimous EMPEROR, who is inundated with floods of light, consents that hostilities shall cease, and trade be resumed as before—provided, at least, that the English give signs of sincere repentance. There is nothing very extraordinary in this document, for Peking turned out such proclamations by scores during the last war; but it is perhaps a little singular that it should have been made the foundation of that excellent election squib—the reported submission of the Celestials, and the conclusion of Peace with China.

Lord PALMERSTON ought to be very grateful to his Celestial MAJESTY, or at any rate to those who used the electric telegraph on his behalf. What could have been better-timed than the news which arrived in the very thick of the elections, that the EMPEROR had disapproved the proceedings of the Governor of Canton, and ordered him to conciliate the English, and, in short, that peace with China was certain? If the Chinese Sovereign had appeared in full costume on the hustings and harangued the people on the iniquities of YEH and the forbearance of the English authorities, he could not have given more effectual aid to the Ministerial canvas than was afforded by the opportune despatch. We really think Lord PALMERSTON owes him a good turn—though perhaps, as it is said to be illegal to pay a canvasser, it might savour of bribery to let the Brother of the Sun off more easily than was at first intended. Some cynical sceptics, it is true, did venture to hint a doubt whether the intelligence that peace was already assured might not prove a little over-coloured; but all unbiassed persons were reassured by the confident tone of a contemporary always remarkable for his accuracy in matters connected with the East. How he gets his information is a mystery. It is not by the ordinary channels—that is certain; for on a question of fact he regards despatches and blue-books as superfluities, and decides on matters of geography with a supreme contempt for maps. Still, by some means or other, he does get most extraordinary intelligence, which is always ready at the very moment when it is most wanted. A fact or two, a scrap of Chinese history, and a few revelations about the internal policy of that mysterious Empire, were wanted to give solidity to the questionable rumour that peace was certain. To say that such

things were wanted is to say that they were forthcoming; and accordingly, the startling telegraphic news was helped out by a leader which made it perfectly clear to the meanest capacity, not only that the Emperor of CHINA had declared for peace, but that he was delighted with the opportunity of snubbing a presumptuous vassal like YEH, and joyfully hailed the ships that bombarded Canton as auxiliaries against his own people.

The *Times*, indeed, had expected the announcement long before—though, with its usual superiority to prophetic clap-trap, it had carefully abstained from suggesting the probability of so pleasant a consummation. But everything was so beautifully explained at last, that we could pardon our instructors for having left us so long in suspense. It seems that the factious conduct of the Governors of Canton had long proved an annoyance and weakness to the Court of Peking. Ever since the first Chinese war, the EMPEROR had been occupied in remonstrating with his Viceroy in the South upon their constant quarrels with foreigners and their neglect of the Treaty of 1842. The artful Proconsuls used the savage and insolent character of the Cantonese as their stock in trade, on the strength of which they set at nought the desires of the EMPEROR, and pursued an independent policy of their own. They reported, from time to time, that the antipathy of the Kwang Tung people to the barbarians was such as to render the observance of the Treaty impossible; and the EMPEROR, pressed by political and financial necessities, was compelled to accept an excuse which he knew to be only a pretext for establishing the virtual independence of Canton. At last, he sent a brief and peevish reply that the Commissioner must manage as well as he could, and for the last year Canton has been in a state of virtual rebellion against Peking. The natural conclusion from this farrago of nonsense was, that the Imperial orders would henceforth be backed by British arms, and that nothing remained for us but to press upon YEH, with the concurrence of his Sovereign, respect for treaties, for laws, and for the rights of humanity. It is unfortunate for this interesting sketch of Chinese political history, that Canton, instead of being the most rebellious province of the Empire, is described in all accounts as the only district where the Imperial authority has entirely prevailed over the insurgents. Perhaps the theory about the overgrown vassals of Canton is a little damaged, too, by the frequent changes which have taken place in the provincial government, by the reputed disgrace of those who were most favourable to foreigners, and by the honours heaped upon the last Governor, who succeeded in defeating Mr. BONHAM by that very plea of the ferocity of the Cantonese which is supposed to give so much offence at Peking. But these facts are only mentioned in Blue-books; and who would pore over them, when he can get his Chinese history ready made to match the most unforeseen contingency?

Besides the political motive which constrained the EMPEROR to espouse our quarrel with his Viceroy, there were still purer principles behind. Conscience and law had been asserting themselves in the breast of the Tartar potentate, and an Imperial rebuke to the unlucky YEH had sanctioned the proceedings of the British Plenipotentiary which an English House of Commons was too factious to approve. Greater things still were in store for the future. Even YEH was to be converted at last by reading the history of the elections in the *Times*. The perverted understanding and the fixed ideas of a Canton Viceroy were to be set right, once for all, by the contrast between his own savage volleys of proclamations and threats, and the quiet appeal of a constitutional Sovereign to a free people. With all our desires anticipated by China herself, we were told that we had nothing to do but to perfect arrangements for the future with the grateful EMPEROR, and rejoice that Lord PALMERSTON had not abandoned the demand for justice when even barbarians could no longer withhold it.

Such was the policy of the Court of Peking, and the philosophy of the Canton quarrel, on Saturday, March 28. About a week later, however, the China mail arrived, and instead of containing the expected declaration of peace, it announced that nothing important had taken place. After entering into a variety of small matters, such as the acquittal of the alleged poisoners, and the destruction of a junk or two, the accounts mentioned the bit of idle gossip on which the telegraphic message was founded:—"YEH is said to have orders to establish peace, but nothing is said of opening Canton." This was a terrible falling off from the "peace on our own

terms" of the week before, and necessitated an entirely new view of Chinese history. Accordingly, on the 3rd of April, we were duly informed that the Indian mail had added little to the telegraphic news. This was, perhaps, rather a mild way of stating the fact that the original report of which so much capital had been made had turned out to be all moonshine. The EMPEROR, who on March 28 was only anxious to obtain our aid against the rebellious YEH, is described a week later as exulting over our retreat, which he regards as only one step short of utter extermination. The Tartar potentate so lately animated by deference to law and conscience is now no longer eager to compel his servants to abide by treaty stipulations, but is swelling with the thought of the submission to be exacted from the white devils, and retains only so much of last week's benevolence as to remind YEH not to be utterly implacable, though he is in no wise to meet concessions half-way. We hear no more of the assumed antipathy between YEH and his master, except that one sentence is rounded with the unusually mild description of the former as a troublesome and eccentric tributary. There are no more rebukes, however, for the vassal, and no more talk of emancipation for the EMPEROR; and, moreover, the whole rumour as to the existence of any orders at all is declared to be doubtful, and the fact, if true, one of very small importance indeed.

Need we attempt to reconcile these two curious phases of Chinese politics? That both come from the same source—and that source neither a Blue-Book nor a book of any colour—is tolerably plain. But what has happened in so short a time to harden the heart of the Celestial EMPEROR, to change YEH from a stubborn rebel to a trusted lieutenant, and to convert the gentle barbarian who owned the justice of our blows into the savage who gloats over our discomfiture and calculates the chance of our extermination? The answer is obvious enough. The election returns are all but complete, and there is no further need of a repentant EMPEROR, rebellious viceroys, or even of a mythical Peace. So the barbarians are allowed to resume the less attractive character which our contemporary generally gives them, and the great Peace itself has become a doubtful tale, the truth or falsehood of which is a matter of no concern at all. Everything is to go on just as if there had been no Peace the week before, and "nothing which the EMPEROR can do, in his most politic or penitent mood, is to stay our operations." The braves must be "made an example of—compensation must be enforced—a proper amount of blows or words, or both," is to be administered—and then, and then only, shall we obtain terms which are now impossible.

There can be no doubt now that this, at least, is a fair statement of the exigencies of the situation. But it does seem a little strange that such hard measure should be dealt out to so conscientious, just, and ill-used an Emperor as the one who mounted the hustings only a short week before—and this, too, while the *Times* still professed to believe in the authenticity of its telegraphic statement, and had not yet ventured to print the gentle instructions for a war of extermination which had been so ingeniously converted into overtures of peace.

ELECTION PROTESTS.

AN amusing and instructive volume might be made out of the curiosities of election literature. We are not thinking so much of the addresses by which candidates endeavour to woo the favour of coy electors, as of the more genuine expressions of feeling which are elicited by triumph or defeat. Preliminary addresses are, indeed, rather monotonous. They belong, almost without exception, to that class of eloquent effusions which attains its highest development in the circular in which a suburban huckster boasts of the purity of his groceries, and declares the confidence with which he looks to the nobility and gentry to support him in his struggle against adulterated edibles and unprincipled competition. It is only after the contest is over that a candidate shows the real stuff of which he is made. Defeat, like wine, brings out the truth; and the remonstrance of a disappointed patriot often furnishes the key to his character, and the explanation of his failure.

Even when a defeat is avowedly ascribed to causes which have had nothing to do with it, the language in which it is accepted generally betrays the real influences which have been at work. Take, for example, Mr. BRIGHT's farewell address to his former constituents. He could not well say what every one else knows to be the truth—that the men of

Manchester rejected their distinguished representative, not on account of any discordance of principle, but mainly from jealousy of the predominance which his talents and character have given him. As a matter of form, Mr. BRIGHT affects to treat the election as an indication that Manchester has forgotten the opinions of 1847 and 1852, and is weary of a politician who has adhered only too faithfully to the political views on which he was elected. He refers to his Peace principles, and to his *ex post facto* approval of Mr. COBDEN's China resolution, as possible grounds for the decline of his popularity; but he probably knows as well as those who have been on the spot, that if these had been his only differences with his constituents, he would have retained his seat, and Manchester might still have boasted that it returned one of the most effective orators in the House of Commons. The truth is, that Mr. BRIGHT was ostracised because he was a man of too much mark—and perhaps also a little too dictatorial, and too much identified with a domineering clique, to please the worthies of a manufacturing community. Even in taking leave of the constituency which has risen in successful insurrection against the predominance of himself and his immediate friends, the uncompromising spirit which has helped to bring about his overthrow breaks out in full force. He tells them that he would not unsay or retract one of the speeches he has made, or erase from the records of Parliament a single vote that he has given, if he could thereby reverse the decision of his constituents. He almost glories in defeat itself, and claims the credit which even his opponents will give him, of not having tarnished the honour or lessened the renown of the city. Whatever excuse there may be for the irritation which exists at the dictatorial tactics of the once popular League, Manchester will, we think, before long regret that it has lost a representative who conferred more distinction upon the constituency than their votes could give to him.

It is not often that an unsuccessful candidate is able to assume the self-reliant tone which is not unbecoming in a man of Mr. BRIGHT's celebrity. More frequently, the complaints of the rejected betray a querulous temper which is apt to lead to amusing absurdities. Lord CHELSEA, for example, grew quite pathetic the other day about the want of family feeling which induced "his noble relative" to give a plumper for HANBURY, and seemed to think more of the loss of this one aristocratic vote than of the thousands which testified to the opinions of the electors of Middlesex. Another curious instance of the petulance which discomfiture occasionally excites, is furnished by an extraordinary display of eloquence which has been published *apropos* of the Derbyshire election. This time, it is not the unfortunate candidate himself, but his principal backer, who appears in the field. The object of Lord HARRINGTON's letter is to let the world know with what lofty contempt he looks down upon electioneering squibs, and how scrupulously he has abstained from interfering with the electoral privileges of his tenants and others. But the noble Lord's mode of proving his magnanimity and impartiality is very singular. A letter had, it seems, been circulated, which, according to his own account of it, was nothing but an electioneering squib. By way of showing his indifference to such attacks, Lord HARRINGTON straightway wrote to the *Times*, to complain of the indignity. It would be tedious to follow his extraordinary eloquence through all his denunciations, but the concluding sentence will show how superior his lordship is to any paltry irritation, and how great a mastery he possesses over the language of lofty indignation. "Tactics like this," he says, "are, I presume, all fair at elections, and they pass by me with a shrug, like an idle wind." We cannot altogether realize, to our own satisfaction, the image of an idle wind presuming to shrug its shoulders as it passes by a Peer of the realm, but any one can see how completely the serene indifference of the disappointed nobleman is reflected in the style of his discourse. A graceful eulogy on the defeated candidate, Lord STANHOPE, as "a clever, modest, amiable, high-minded patriot and country gentleman, who has the example of his great collateral ancestor, Lord CHESTERFIELD," leads the indignant Peer to the more serious subject of his alleged invasion of the freedom of election. His exculpation is triumphant. Who can fail to be satisfied with this? "As regards my interference with the sacred rights of the people at elections or otherwise, I plead my antecedent history in Ireland, British India, and Greece." A nobleman who has never coerced a Bengalee ryot or tampered with the purity of an Athenian election, cannot be supposed to have meddled with the politics of his Derbyshire tenants. Still

his Lordship is careful to utter his protest against ultra doctrines, and though he declares that he never interferes with the suffrages of his "good tenants"—meaning, we presume, those who vote according to their landlord's views—he asserts his right to guide them by paternal counsel. Should the necessity arise, he would recommend them to oppose the five points of the Charter, "which would lead first to a bloody struggle all over Europe, then to a licentious republic, and lastly to a despotism which, even under the most virtuous of monarchs, is but the embryo of a great future curse."

Some people may think that, even though his favourite was defeated, there was no occasion for Lord HARRINGTON to get out of temper and indite nonsense; but for our part, we think it most fortunate that Lord STANHOPE was not at the head of the poll, or the country might have lost the solemn warning which will, we trust, preserve it from that terrible infliction, "the embryo of a curse." Lord HARRINGTON's lament over the discomfiture of his protégé is but an extreme type of one class of election protests, as Mr. BRIGHT's is of another. Of the two, the Peer's is certainly the more amusing, even though it may be a trifle less dignified than the simpler language of the Radical Reformer.

CLERGYMEN ON THE HUSTINGS.

ABATEMENTS may reasonably be made from the scandal—which nevertheless exists—caused by the appearance of certain clergymen in somewhat conspicuous positions on the hustings. A list has been published of those who, either as proposers or seconders of rival candidates, took a part in the recent elections. That it is so scanty is, on the whole, creditable to the Church; and from the catalogue paraded by an indignant correspondent of the *Times* it would be easy to deduct several who, having no clerical duties, happen to possess and represent large landed properties, and who have therefore as clear a right as any other citizens or county freeholders to their place at an election. Still it is not to be denied that, here and there, the cassock has thrust itself into uncongenial company. At Hereford, a prebendary of the cathedral, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of CLIVE, seconded Lord PALMERSTON's candidate, who had just been proposed by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; while, precisely to balance this fact, we find, in West Norfolk, an Honourable Prebendary KEPPEL proposing the successful Conservative, Mr. GURDON. In Wiltshire, a Mr. FANE—connected, we suppose, with the WESTMORELAND family—has made himself conspicuous in the unpopular cause; but, somehow or other, if we want to get a classification of the clergy who are on the rise, and whose influence is political, or is so considered by politicians, it seems that, in another sense than that spoken of in the Gospel, the converts are of "the honourable" men "not a few." And certainly, with the run which has been made upon the peerage families—with BARING, BICKERSTETH, VILLIERS, and PELHAM promoted to the Bench, and with LEWIS and WALDEGRAVE comfortably installed—it will be some time before the pure Whig families fail in producing Evangelical claimants for mitres and deaneries. In looking through the *Clergy List*, we mark the growth of a whole grove of such patrician underwood; and to those who, like ourselves, are not particularly enamoured of this form of religionism, it is a sign of hope, rather than of discouragement, to find that it only occupies the high places of the Church in the persons of those fortunate individuals whose Protestantism and pedigrees are alike unexceptionable. Some remember, not without a sardonic satisfaction—and some with melancholy foreboding—what sort of a blessing to the Church of France its honourable and aristocratic bishops proved, and how they helped on the Revolution. The recent Episcopal appointments will be hailed by the Anti-State Church Association, for reasons which they will perhaps be prudent enough to conceal. A Church must be composed of very enduring stuff which can survive the promotion of three "honourables" to the Episcopate in a single twelvemonth. But if a Church can endure this, a party cannot. The days of Evangelicism are numbered as soon as it becomes a rule that its "honourables" happen to stand in such exclusive requisition to become "Right Reverends."

As to the case of clerical politicians, a good deal may be said either way. It has been made a stigma on the Church of other days, that, so long as it kept its own, it transferred an easy allegiance from YORK to LANCASTER, recognising, in

whatever sense, "the powers that be." But it is undeniable that, when civil strife ran high in the fifteenth century, a party in the State strengthened itself by deliberately advancing clergymen of the noble houses to the Episcopate—with what results to the Church, the sixteenth century witnesses. COURTENAY and ARUNDEL were successively Archbishops of Canterbury—STAFFORD and BOURCHIER won the Primacy by their birth—NEVILLE was Archbishop of York because he was the great king-maker's brother—BEAUFORT was Bishop of Winchester and a king's uncle. Are we repeating this sort of thing? RANKE remarks that "in the fifteenth century the bishoprics began commonly to be bestowed on the young sons of royal and noble houses." The fifteenth century was one, however, of no good omen to the body in which these things grew up. The process is now in some sense inverted. In the fifteenth century, politicians made their political friends bishops—in the nineteenth, politicians allow their political friends to make their religious associates bishops. But it comes to much the same thing. In either case, a political party seeks to strengthen itself by a league with the Lords against the rising intelligence and freedom of the Church—a politician makes capital of the great spiritual offices. This is the first time in history that episcopal appointments have been turned into a hustings cry; and it begins to be suspected, by thoughtful men of more religious schools than one, that this affected courtesy to the Church of England is in fact a severe blow to its character and influence. That the Church has in any quarter welcomed this badge of slavery, only shows its usual ignorance both of policy and duty. It has been distinctly announced that religious partisanship is henceforth to be a card in the politician's hand, and PALMERSTON is as distinctly connected with Exeter Hall and its narrow and bigoted traditions as Toryism is, by its natural affinities, with the absolute Courts of the Continent. Why, then, should not the clergy appear on the hustings? The invitation to clerical electioneering is from Downing-street. If polemics are a distinct branch of politics, what so natural as the inference that politics are a branch of polemics? Lord PALMERSTON bids for party, and if party answers the appeal, the responsibility is with those who offer the temptation. If the object is to weaken the Church of England, and to make it unpopular and inefficient, to encourage an extreme party in it is the surest way to attain the end. Politicians once found "the Church in danger" a serviceable cry. In Queen ANNE's time, High Churchism and Dr. SACHEVERELL were made use of; and the very same tactics appear in baiting for the political support of the Evangelicals by the "recent Episcopal appointments." We do not expect the Evangelicals to understand their true interests, but the most certain way to ensure the fall of their party is to invest them with political importance. They are being made use of just as, at the inauguration of the Empire, it suited LOUIS NAPOLEON to make use of the *parti prêtre*; and in either case, when the inevitable reaction sets in, the Church—or rather, we trust, the offending party in the Church—will be the first to suffer from popular indignation.

We say all this because it is unquestionable that whatever distinct clerical influence was prominently displayed in the recent elections was used for the Government candidates. In the Corn-law struggle, the clergy, whose interests were most seriously and immediately compromised, did not, as a body, factiously throw their weight into the scale of Protectionism; and it was at the time remarked how creditable was their forbearance from that contest. If left to themselves, they would be as unpolitical now as then. The invitation addressed to a particular school to become political agitators is, therefore, the more melancholy. So far as we see, the Evangelical agitators do not rise superior to the sordid temptation. They are quite content to take the PALMERSTON candidate, knowing what good things are in store for them. Like the children in the nursery rhyme, they are content to shut their eyes and open their mouths. They shut their eyes to the Church-rate question, to the Jew question, to the Sabbath question—that is, to all the distinctive Evangelical Shibboleths—provided that Norwich, and Ripon, and Carlisle, fall into party mouths.

It seems as though there were a fatal cycle through which, not only the Church, but all its schools and parties must run. They begin in earnestness and real zeal—they acquire popularity and weight—they win secular influence—they are worth buying up—they sell themselves, and then are at once delivered over to death. The political influence acquired by the Papacy was the earnest of its fall—the cause

of the downfall of the old High-and-Dry orthodoxy of the Church of England was its political adoption by PITT and LIVERPOOL. Evangelicism has attained that fatal height in its course which is the forerunner of death. It must decline, because it has become an object to the political speculator. Paradoxical as it may seem, the secret of the strength of High-Church principles—which the *Times* tells us are so much on the increase—and of the eventual triumph of all who stand aloof from the narrow standards of Dr. BICKERSTETH and Mr. PELHAM, is in their actual political disfavour. There is a natural feeling in all men that the clergy are out of their place as pledged political partisans; and it is a noticeable fact that the most marked clerical partisans of the day are the Evangelicals, and that, of the whole clerical press, the only journal betraying a fixed political object is the *Record*.

LE DIABLE EST MORT.

THE phrase which we have prefixed to this article expresses a thought which has occurred to many minds at very different periods. In the shape in which we have quoted it, it forms—as our readers doubtless remember—the refrain of one of the most popular and most audacious of Béranger's songs. If we cannot trace something of the same sentiment in the old tradition of the announcement of the death of Pan, we may at least refer to Burns's farewell to "Auld Nickie Ben," and to the remarks which Mr. Kingsley puts into the mouth of the old Scotch bookseller in *Alton Locke*, who closes a series of comments on the supposed decease of Satan by the reflection that perhaps, after all, "he is only shamming." The thesis which furnished Burns, Béranger, and Mr. Kingsley with an opportunity of exposing, from very different points of view, the faintness with which men recognise moral distinctions, has been recently maintained by the *Times* and one of its correspondents, with an unconscious matter-of-course air which is remarkable in more ways than one. On Tuesday last, a gentleman of the name of E. informed the public that one J. B. made an application to a magistrate to restrain a witch who afflicted his wife with grievous diseases, and, if possible, to "have her swum." An old lady—a Mrs. F.—had a conversation with E. himself, in which she not only related various examples of witchcraft, but discussed with her visitor the principles upon which her belief in it rested. The *Times* published a leading article upon the subject, the pith of which was that J. B. and Mrs. F. were great fools for believing such nonsense, and that the fact showed the necessity for extending education amongst the class to which they belong. We certainly do not intend to attempt the rehabilitation of the unfortunate letters of the alphabet in question; but we do not think that the disease is so superficial, or the case so very plain, as the tone which the *Times* takes about it would lead one to suppose.

That J. B.'s and Mrs. F.'s facts are utterly and absurdly false we willingly admit; but when, from facts, Mrs. F. passes to principles, we are inclined to think that she gets the better of her orthodox and supercilious adviser. The following is the part of the conversation to which we refer:—

Mr. —. "But Mrs. —, do you seriously believe such things, or do you not think that God rules the world?"

Mrs. F. —. "I do believe that there are these bad-spirited people, Sir. Ladies and gentlemen don't often hear much about such things. I believe that the Almighty gives them up; and that, as we pray for grace and wisdom and strength to serve Him, so these people pray to the enemy to give them power to do these evil things. God has promised His help to the smallest believer who hangs on Him; and they pray to the devil to give them their badness, and he gives it to them; and he (the devil) has as much power over those people as the Almighty have over His own."

Mr. —. "But, Mrs. F., this represents the devil as stronger than the Almighty, if he can give people 'badness' with which they can go about persecuting God's own people, even in all their temporal concerns and in their bodily health."

Mrs. F. —. "I believe, Sir, it is done; but, of course, God can set bounds to it. The Lord he only know all about these things."

Mr. — takes the authoritative and orthodox tone with a sort of confidence which claims for him the position of a representative of the recognised forms of belief on these matters; but surely, if he represents them fairly, orthodoxy has strangely changed its language. It is a curious thing to learn that no one but a child or an old woman is henceforth to believe that the devil can "give people badness." Indeed, if the fact is so, we must almost come to the conclusion adopted by another of Mr. Kingsley's characters, who said that, under certain circumstances, he "didn't see the use of having no devil." If the devil does not "give people badness," what does he do? There is a wonderful *naïveté* in Mr. —'s indignant surprise at the notion that the devil should have it in his power to find means "of persecuting God's own people even in all their temporal concerns and bodily health." Mr. — probably goes to church regularly, and duly prays against the temptations of the devil and the snares of Satan; and yet when poor Mrs. F. thinks that Satan may have something to do with her ague, he is so scandalized that he takes a note of her folly and exposes it in the *Times*. Is the body so much more honourable than the soul, and are temporal affairs so much more important than a man's spiritual condition, that whilst there is no difficulty at all in supposing the devil to have the power of

assaulting and injuring the one, it is the very height of absurdity to suppose that he has anything to do with the other? If Mr. — chooses to join in the chorus of "Le Diable est Mort," we have nothing to say to him; but if he stands forward as the representative of orthodoxy, he ought to explain to us why Mrs. F. is right in thinking that the devil can tempt her soul, and absurd, and almost impious, in thinking that he can injure her body. Surely it is far harder to reconcile God's government of the world with what has always been supposed to be the orthodox belief that the devil can, and does, lead men into every sort of wickedness, than with the theory that he can, under certain circumstances, produce temporal damages. Mrs. F. may not be a great philosopher, or a very critical inquirer into facts, but it seems to us that she is either more orthodox or more consistent than Mr. —.

It is a mere cant, and a very shallow cant, to say that superstition arises from want of education, or is removable by education. Indeed, nothing is more likely to produce superstition than a great and sudden increase of general knowledge. A clergyman, not long ago, was earnestly pressing upon the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favourable circumstances. "Wut wi' faath," was the faint response, given in the sick man's native Doric, "wut wi' faath, and wut wi' the earth a turning round the sun, and wut wi' the rail-roads a fuzzin' and a whuzzin', I'm clean muddled, stoned, and bet." So saying, he turned to the wall and expired. What is a man to think who sees steam-engines snorting and panting about without any apparent reason—wires sending messages all round the world in a moment—and operations of the severest kind performed without causing a single pang? The deepest scientific instruction infallibly leads him to the conclusion that his ignorance, even of the powers of nature, is enormous and all but infinite, and that his ignorance of all that lies beyond his senses is not only boundless, but hopeless. If, on the other hand, he is an ignorant man, a railway or a telegraph is only a sort of witch—a witch made of metal, and set going by an impalpable, immaterial, and unintelligible essence called steam or electricity. How are these conclusions to free men from superstition? Do they, in fact, do it? J. B. and Mrs. F. may have been very absurd in boiling offensive refuse over the fire, or thinking that they could kill witches by not speaking to them; but they would have thought a man a fool who argued with his arm-chair, or requested his kitchen-table to answer the questions which, in Byron's famous epitaph, produced the reply, "No one knows and no one cares." Table-talking and spirit-rapping are not the growth of a very ignorant age or class.

If we try to give ourselves any intelligible account of what we mean by superstition, we shall find that it is little else than the converse of science. A man associates graves, vaults, shrouds, paleness, and silence, with death; and the combination of such objects affects him with a feeling of awe. If he justifies such feelings by allowing himself to believe that the figures of the dead reappear to the living, we have that assumption of a fact in order to justify a sentiment which constitutes a superstition. Indeed, we do not know that superstition could be more fitly described than by saying that it is the habit of translating feelings into facts. We cannot follow up the speculations which this reflection suggests; but we may remark that it would seem to show that, in many cases, men may obtain more or less partial glimpses of truth through the medium of superstition. The facts of which they are led by feeling to infer the existence, or at any rate other facts somewhat resembling them, may really exist; and thus we may say without offence that most of us have been led to many of our most cherished and sacred opinions by influences which, to say the least, have a very strong analogy to superstition. The author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* remarks that in many minds the doctrine of a particular Providence takes the form of a superstition; and it would not be difficult to show that many of those who laugh the most heartily at Mrs. F. and J. B., hold opinions on a great many very important subjects which rest entirely on the mental substitution of a fact for a sentiment. They have always been accustomed, for example, to observe Sunday in a particular manner. They assume, accordingly, that there is some peculiarly sacred character in such observances. They have, as J. B. says of his decoction of toe-nails, horse-shoe nails, and human hair, "little schemes which go from one generation to another," about the innocence of doing particular actions and reading particular books on that day. These are superstitions, just as much as the effect of J. B.'s prescription. How many "little schemes" have people got about the Bible and the Church? How many liars shrink from perjury because they have "a little scheme" to the effect that God can be called as a witness to a particular action, and will not notice it on other terms? The sphere of ascertainable facts upon which science is built is so narrow that there is hardly any part of our life which is entirely free from—we ought perhaps to say, which can entirely dispense with—superstition. There is, in all departments of life, such a demand for certainty, that we prefer assuming facts gratuitously to doing without them altogether; and so long as there is a tolerably accurate relation between the facts which we assume and those which exist, there is no great harm done.

The moral of these reflections, as applied to the popular belief in witchcraft, would seem to be, first, that we have no right to

despise poor people for doing what we are all doing, in some degree, almost every day of our lives—secondly, that we cannot expect to do away with superstition, inasmuch as the cultivation of the intellect has no sort of tendency to destroy it, and has only a very slow and doubtful tendency to change the forms with which it is invested—and thirdly, that the mere fact that a superstition takes a foolish or grotesque form is not a reason for supposing that it is absolutely unrelated to fact. Unless a man is prepared to preach simple materialism, he must handle superstitions about ghosts and devils carefully, or he will find himself involved in strange contradictions. *Expellat Sathanam furem, tamen usque recurret*—if he has any functions at all left to him. No man can play fast and loose with such a belief as that. If he admits the existence and activity of a devil at all, he will find it next to impossible to assign any satisfactory reason for confining it to this or that particular province of life. It is neither by sneers at the barbarism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, nor by philanthropic aspirations after a larger grant for educational purposes and an increased number of pupil-teachers, that we shall be able to prevent poor people from believing that the devil has something to do with their most grievous afflictions.

We have looked entirely at the intellectual side of the question. Whether there are any moral conditions, by fulfilling which men may be brought to leave off the habit of making gratuitous assumptions, and to acquiesce contentedly in a vast deal of doubt and ignorance, without trying to free themselves from it by jumping off their own shadows—and how far such conditions, if fulfilled, would free men from superstition—are questions far too wide and too deep for these columns.

WANTED A CAPITAL FOR CANADA.

A TURGID and oratorical exordium, heralding a conclusion illogical in argument and unsatisfactory in result, is a scheme of composition not unknown to our lively contemporary the *Times*. Last Saturday's paper afforded a strong example of this process, in an article in which the walls of Ecbatana and the foundations of Constantinople were enlisted as advocates in favour of the future seat of Canadian Government being planted at Montreal, if not at that pleasant country place which has lately changed its appellation Bytown for the more sonorous vocable, Ottawa. The leading journal seemed for once struck with a fit of moderation, not the less remarkable because geographical, and noted that—as Quebec lies too much to the east, and Toronto too much to the west, and Kingston too much in the middle—the Canadians had nothing to do but fall down and be thankful for having so clever a friend in the mother country to settle their difficulty. A point, finely turned, about the birth and growth of Chicago, indicates the date of the article, which we should otherwise have been tempted to attribute to some worthy traveller who had brought his experience of thirty years ago to bear upon a state of American matters as different now from what it then was as the literary reputation of the author of *Little Dorrit* differs from that of Pickwick's biographer.

In the memory of the youngest of us, Canada comprehended two unequally-peopled, ill-matched nations—the strong and haughty old French Province, hardly brooking to be reckoned merely Lower Canada, and that Kansas-like inroad into the eternal forests which, under the imposing name of Upper Canada, scarcely contained a few stray thousand British stragglers. In those days Quebec was the undoubted capital, and Montreal a far western city; while "York" (not *New York*, as our accurate contemporary pleases to call it) was just heard of as a village some hundred miles beyond civilization. In those days, also, the now teeming sovereign States of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, were lumped together as the almost fabulous "North-western Territory," and Lake Superior was about as inaccessible to civilized man as the depths of Nyassi. We all of us know how the "States" have pushed on to the setting sun; but with true John Bullish self-depreciation, we shut our eyes to the no less wonderful and energetic development now in progress within our own loyal Canadian province. Above all things, we forget, sitting by our own comfortable fireside, that French and English Canada are not exactly east and west of each other, but north-east and south-west—Quebec standing 3'12", and Montreal 1'55" north of Toronto.

Montreal, the chosen city of the *Times* (for Quebec is clearly out of the question), lies nearly in the longitude of the eastern limit of the Atlantic State of New York, and far to the east of the Lake system. Toronto stands on the northern shore of the most westerly lake—Lake Ontario. Westward of Toronto are to be found the flourishing cities of Hamilton, which already possesses its 20,000 inhabitants, and London, approaching the same population, and standing in the heart of the peninsula between Lakes Erie and Huron—both of these towns being in the enjoyment of railroad communication. Westward of the last-named inland sea is the peninsula of Michigan, belonging to the United States, with the city of Detroit, containing now somewhere about 60,000 people. To the west, again, of this peninsula is its cognominous lake; and on its western coast are the cities of Chicago, with 100,000 inhabitants and the longest railway system in the world (the growth of twenty-three years), and Milwaukee, with some 30,000 or 40,000 people; while from these inland ports—thanks to the late development of canals—ships ready freighted now sail right into the

docks at Liverpool. To the north, again, is the still vaster waste of Lake Superior, washing a region richer in copper than almost any other in the world—a region which already boasts the rapidly-growing towns of Ontonagon, Superior, &c. Still further to the west by hundreds of miles, we find St. Paul, in Minnesota, on the Upper Mississippi, near the American watershed, a city—compared with which Chicago is of hoar antiquity—already numbering its population by thousands, if not tens of thousands, and displaying its paved streets, its public buildings, and lofty private houses of durable material.

All these are the fruits of English-speaking industry along and adjoining to the Southern or Republican shores of the great Lake Basin. Its British coasts, though later in the day, are now displaying the unmistakable signs of a similar effort. Northward again, of Canada Proper, the immense Hudson's Bay region is pressing its claims for colonization and civilization. Still Westward Ho! Vancouver's Island, in the Pacific, has received the first foot-prints of the English settler, and sober-minded men do not despair of beholding a railway joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across British ground. In one word, the healthy growth of Canadian colonization will, in a few years, have left Montreal in the far East.

In selecting, then, the future capital, it is needful for our Government to consider these plain facts, and not to fix upon the city which seems to be central in this present year of grace, but on that which will be tolerable to the Canadians of twenty or thirty years hence—not to speak of the needs of another generation. Holding this view, we have little hesitation in saying that Montreal will be found very inconveniently distant from those large inland tracts which will then be teeming with population and rich with enterprise. It will be intolerably distant from what, we trust, will be the friendly cities of the United States—Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, &c.—all of which will, by every rule of probability, have then grown to a colossal magnitude. It will be still further distant from those other great cities which will in the interim have sprung up still further inland. As an additional disadvantage, Montreal lies within the French province—a province which, in proportion as it continues to be French, will every day more and more recede in importance, political, social, and commercial, in face of the vigorous life of that ceaselessly increasing English Canada.

Whether Toronto itself be not too far to the eastward, we should be loth to decide. Its longitude is that of a portion of New York. The future capital of Canada might possibly best be sought somewhere near the shores of Lake Huron. But at least Toronto is to the westward of Montreal—it stands upon the lake system—it is planted in English-peopled Canada—and its own growth has of late equalled in rapidity that of many of the most flourishing cities of the adjacent Republic. All, then, that we plead is, that the fair adjudication of competing claims should not be prejudiced by the sentimental arguments which the *Times* has adduced for selecting Montreal—as, for example, that it might else be assumed that the disgraceful riots of some years back had branded that city with a bad name. If the selection of the Canadian metropolis, modestly and confidently relegated to the Home Government by a majority in the Lower House of the members for both Provinces, is not to be treated in a large farsighted spirit, as a problem which will much more concern our children and our children's children than ourselves, it will but add another instance to that long and melancholy catalogue of makeshifts and mistakes which marks the history of Great Britain's dealings with its Colonies.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PASSION-WEEK.

THAT half-measures are eminently characteristic of Englishmen has become a commonplace; and if any one wishes to see a curious instance of the display of this national peculiarity, let him look at the list of amusements offered to the metropolis during Passion-week. Old custom, and the real reverence paid by the educated classes to the holy season, lead the theatres to close their doors, or at least to suspend their usual entertainments. So far a public acknowledgment is made of the respect due to the solemnity of an occasion which celebrates the greatest and most sacred facts of the world's history. Tradition, and an acquaintance with Continental customs, keep alive the notion that there is something peculiarly amusing, exciting, and terrestrial in dramatic exhibitions. To go to the play is still the resource of the country gentleman who has dined in the gloomy coffee-room of a London hotel, and is still the ambition of the "fast" young gentleman, who has a vague persuasion that the payment of two shillings at the pit door will be rewarded with an introduction to some mysterious fascinations behind the scenes. Accordingly, during Passion-week, the theatres are shut. Playgoers are forbidden to amuse themselves, and are tacitly recommended to spend the week in something more serious than the enjoyment of their ordinary diversion. But there appears to be a very large portion of the play-going public who have no liking for a dull week, and who cannot forego their customary excitement, simply because they are told by their Prayer-books that a season of humiliation demands abstinence, or because the Lord Chamberlain sets them a good example. A variety of amusements specially appropriated to Passion-week are therefore devised; and it is curious to see how these amusements shade off from the grave to the gay, and with what different feelings, and in what different lights, this exceptional week is regarded.

In the first place, there are a set of amusements expressly adapted to the occasion, and announced as suitable for Passion-week. The persons intended to be attracted seek to combine piety with amusement. They like to show that, as a matter of conscience, they pass a dull time; but they are glad of any means of making the dullness endurable. They go to evening entertainments in the week before Easter as people who pass through the tedious gloom of a Puritanical Sabbath strive to cheer the closing hours with what are called Sunday games—with puzzling questions as to the names of the Hebrew midwives mentioned in Scripture, or with thinking of Mahershalalhashbaz, and defying their friends to discover the thought by twenty interrogations. Exeter Hall offers "the usual Passion-week performance of the *Messiah*." An orrery is exhibited at the Haymarket, and everybody knows that there is something very good about an orrery. At one institution, these sources of religious entertainment are combined, and an orrery is exhibited, while selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* are performed as an accompaniment. Provision is also made for those weaker vessels which cannot bear pious amusements through the whole of the evening; and at the *Réunion des Arts* a *soirée musicale* was given on Wednesday, when the *Stabat Mater* was performed as the first part, while the second part was miscellaneous. Nothing gives a greater idea of the vastness of London, and of the enterprising energy with which its variety of tastes is consulted, than the nicety with which the different degrees of spiritual fervour are calculated and provided for. Care is taken to meet a shade of piety even finer than that aimed at in the *soirée musicale*; for at a "grand vocal and instrumental concert," given at St. John's Wood, on Thursday, the first part included the "Guardian Angels," sung by Miss Poole, but the programme concluded with the *aria buffa*, "Mrs. Watkins's Tea Party."

From this last stage it is easy to pass to those entertainments which do not pretend to have any religious character at all. The closing of the theatres makes, or is supposed to make a vacuum; and, as a pleasure-loving metropolis abhors a vacuum, there is a rush of non-theatrical amusements to fill the space. Prizo glees, madrigals, and part-songs were performed at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening, by a choir "consisting of 200 carefully-selected voices." The Polytechnic offers every day a lecture on elementary astronomy, the most original of ventriloquists, highly artistic dissolving views, and also special violin performances by the Brothers Holmes; and it is announced that "during Passion-week, the Brothers Holmes will perform every evening at 8." It might seem from this that there was some peculiar connexion between the Brothers Holmes and the season during which they give these special performances. But we learn from the advertisements of other places of entertainment, that the meaning of the announcement is merely that, the time being a dull one, the Brothers Holmes are engaged to enliven it. Thus we read that during Passion-week, a "Diorama of Russia, its Palaces and its People," is to be seen at the Great Globe—that during the same period a celebrated German wizard gives his unrivalled entertainment, entitled, "Magic and Mystery"—and that at the Great National Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, as "an immense attraction for Passion-week," the celebrated Mr. Love is to be seen in his entertainment, "with Herr Zerroom, the musical wonder, and the Spanish minstrels, seven in number." Mr. Creswick selects this occasion for two readings from Shakespeare; and Mr. Thackeray employs Passion-week in giving his lectures on the Georges, at the Surrey Gardens. He is to be succeeded there by Miss P. Horton, who, however, waits till Easter Monday. But by no one, perhaps, is the appetite for excitement better consulted than by the Messrs. Tanner, who have a special and temporary managership of the Queen's Theatre. They announce, in their "programme for Passion-week," a play called the *Passions*, in which Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel are the characters represented—the entertainment being diversified by the songs of a celebrated descriptive singer, the dances of an English Tom Thumb, the feats of seven performing dogs, and a Mexican *ballet divertissement*.

It is undoubtedly the distinguishing feature of Passion-week that it is a vacant time—a time that has in various ways to be filled up. We remember hearing of two gentlemen who went on Good Friday to one of the largest dining establishments in London, and finding it shut up, asked the reason. They were told that it was necessary once a year to give the whole house a thorough cleaning, and that Good Friday, being a slack day, was selected for that purpose. So, too, in the busy commercial and manufacturing districts of the North, Good Friday is a favourite day for marriages. The happy couple are united at an early hour of that day, and thus get a clear honeymoon of three days before the next Monday summons them to business. The actors, whose leisure is forced on them, are ready to turn it to account, and Passion-week is the great occasion for theatrical dinners. We read that the twelfth anniversary of the General Theatrical Fund was celebrated on Monday by an excellent dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, to which about two hundred gentlemen sat down; and another dinner was held on Thursday in behalf of a society which specially undertakes to aid "dramatic and equestrian professors" in sickness. The railway companies announce a series of excursion trains on Good Friday. Cremorne gardens are open on that day for "promenade and refreshment." At Highbury Barn we have a still richer programme—the gardens offering trap-ball, gymnastic, and other rustic sports,

with a band in the evening. The *Stabat Mater*, however, precedes the more secular selections from favourite operas. The Crystal Palace opened yesterday at one o'clock, and trains ran to and from it during the whole afternoon. Last year 17,000 persons were admitted there on Good Friday, and we shall probably find that the number has been even greater this year. Even in quarters where it would not be supposed that Good Friday is felt to be a day which wants filling up, curious resources for employing it are adopted. We find, in the school-room of a Bethnal Green church, a clergyman of the Church of England preaching on Good Friday evening over a "Band of Hope," whatever that may be, which is brought together for the entertainment of a miscellaneous concert.

We might easily find plenty to moralize over in these festivities of Passion-week, but we prefer making only one observation, to which, we think, they naturally point. They throw considerable light on the position of the Established Church in this country. In no other country is there a Church established which would permit so wide and so public a departure from the injunctions of her ritual. The Church of England is not only the most tolerant of ecclesiastical institutions, but she is great because she is tolerant. If Englishmen observe Passion-week, they do so because they choose—not because they are tortured into obedience by the clergy, or drilled by the police into outward conformity. There is more freedom of life as regards religious observances in England than in any other country of Europe; and much of this freedom is owing to the existence of the English Church. Of course it may be said that the Church is tolerant because she is powerless, and not powerful because she is tolerant. In one sense this may be true. The Church has no choice—she must be tolerant, or she would not exist as an establishment. But, being tolerant, she is powerful; and no one can doubt her power who looks at the other, and higher and more religious, aspect of London in this week—at the crowded services in the churches, and at the respect paid to this sacred season in innumerable families.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE forestalled the exhibition, still open for another week at King's College, of the forty-six designs tendered for the future church at Constantinople, by a critique upon the four prize designs. That critique has elicited a letter of remonstrance from Mr. Street, who is naturally and laudably prepossessed in favour of the superior merits of his own conception. We also observe that the *Ecclesiologist*—which, in the case of the Constantinople as of the Lille competition, has alone, of all periodicals, taken the trouble to notice every design—is inclined, though with considerable hesitation, not to say misgiving, to postpone Mr. Burges to Mr. Street. With all respect for our contemporary, we must decline to controvert its arguments, weakened as they are by its professed neglect of those "secondary" considerations which apparently formed, as they deserved, a substantive element in the conclusion arrived at by those who were responsible for the decision. The judges had to select, not the largest or finest design, but the most suitable for a church to be erected in the city of Constantinople for 20,000*l*. If they had been let loose cathedral hunting, they would have found the largest, most worthy, most cathedral-like, and, let us add (with perhaps the exception of Mr. Street's very differently manipulated series) the most seductively drawn church, in that which Messrs. Howell and Budd, perfectly dark horses, tender. But the impossibility of building for the money anything remotely approximating to their design being self-evident, these gentlemen sank to the third class of "honourable mentions." Mr. Street—we feel it a duty to make the acknowledgment—proves that, in adopting round numbers, we overstated his dimensions. Fully granting this, however, we adhere to our criticism on his design. It may not cost so much above 20,000*l*. as we anticipated; but that it would, if carried out in its integrity, cost very considerably more than 20,000*l*. is unquestionable, and we therefore hold it to have been fairly excluded from the first prize. In so excluding it, the judges acted most considerably to its able designer; for even as it stands in the exhibition, it is the dwarfed idea of a cathedral, which Mr. Street boldly, but unsuccessfully, endeavoured to bring within the prescribed limits. To have given that design the first prize, and then demanded (as must have been the case) further compression, would have been to inflict a cruel injury on a man of unquestionable talent.

As our present business is with the designs that have not won prizes, we shall not press the further objection to Mr. Street's church which we find in its pronouncedly Northern character. Of the residue, five were especially mentioned, and four honourably—an alphabetical arrangement being adopted in each case, and the judges manifestly acting under an abiding feeling of strict conformity to the letter of their instructions. The result has been, that architects who have indulged in that "distinctive feature of Byzantine architecture"—the dome—find themselves in the large class of the unmentioned, accompanied by those of their competitors who have overlooked the equally stringent regulation that the "modification of Pointed architecture offered" should be that of Southern Europe.

Mr. Gray happens to stand first among those who are especially mentioned. His design strikes us as peculiarly scholarly—rather austere, it may be, externally, but conceived in the spirit of avoiding trick, and relying on purity of proportion; while,

internally, the broad nave conveys the feeling of considerable dignity, and the detached and lofty campanile, with its pyramidal coping, compensates for the somewhat deficient altitude of the main building. Altogether, Mr. Gray has fairly earned his place by an equivoque of creditable features. Mr. Pullan, who next appears on the list, offers a stately pile, in which English and Southern features are cleverly allied. His device for moderating the glare of light, by combining the triforium and clerestory in his second story, deserves commendation as an instance of liberal conservatism in art—a deviation from the beaten track suggested by reason, and guided by tradition. We wish that Mr. Pullan had not reappeared in the competition with another church, in which graceful detail ill accords with a feeble plan. We conclude that he offered the two designs to meet the alternative of the judges being magnificently or economically inclined; but, by the device, he diminishes his sum total of merit. Mr. Truefitt's structure, heavy and grandiose, strange and able, is the work of a young architect, whom, for the sake of his unquestionable abilities, we urge not to be always straining after novel effects, but to rely more upon the possession of power to treat acknowledged forms with characteristic originality. Like Mr. Street, Mr. Truefitt has developed the notion of a huge and aisleless hall; but, unlike him, he covers it with a barrel vault of stone, and not with groining. His transepts sprout up into steeples, tapering with great artistic force into spires; and the whole building, bizarre and impossible for the money, has most fairly won its place by the talent stamped upon the conception. Strikingly different in feeling is the very picturesque, though somewhat feeble, building which Messrs. Weightman, Hadfield, and Goldie offer. The point of their design is the Atrium, or cloister—a feature borrowed from the days of primitive antiquity, but, we should fear, wholly impossible to be adopted at Constantinople, for the simple reason that ground could not be obtained for an adjunct so little necessary. Details of Italian Pointed, a Florentine steeple, and apsidal transepts complete the work, which fails in its attempts to embody a cathedral-like character. Very diverse, again, is the clever but crotchety notion which Mr. White has embodied in drawings which are their own enemy, from the coarse, crude manner in which they are coloured. The external cloister recalls a similar feature in Mr. Street's church, while the conical steeple in the centre cleverly avoids the prohibition of the dome; and the second and detached campanile, with its four gables, recalls the Rhenish type. Internally, the broad arches and plain aisles remind us of All Saints' Church in Margaret-street. The conical central steeple and the external cloister are, on the other hand, reproduced in another design, with very inferior treatment, by Mr. Hopkins, one of the unmentioned architects.

Mr. Bell comes first of the honourably-mentioned competitors. Over-ambition seems to have been his defect. The transeptal steeples, with their four huge gables, kill the remaining structure, and are not adequately balanced even by the lofty choir. Still the work shows spirit in the general conception, and much grace in the detail. The church by M. Francke of Meiningen is a notable example of Teutonic industry. The style is an accurate transcript of the late German of the fifteenth century, developed, with all its stiff peculiarities, in a building conspicuous, like its prototypes, by coupled lantern steeples, with open-work spires, and aisles of a height equal to the nave. The drawing, sharp, thin, and accurate, like a steel plate, points to hours of patient toil. The nationality of the design is self-evident—indeed, we understand that the accompanying memoir was written in German. With this fact patent, we think the judges discharged an act of righteous courtesy in promoting this foreign client to the lesser honours at their disposal, although there could not for one instant have been any thought of its adaptability for the required end. The other foreign architects who entered the lists are most deservedly to be found in the last class. We have already alluded to the church which Messrs. Howell and Budd offer. If, in any instance, the judges seem to have overlooked their prescribed laws, it is in this case, in which we discover little which is not the reproduction of the flowing variety of the Middle style to be found in England; but a series of designs so peculiarly careful in their execution—so clearly a youthful labour of love and industry—pleaded for and obtained an indulgence which was the more merited as several of the details display considerable invention.

Messrs. Prichard and Seddon—the last, alphabetically, of the mentioned architects—offer a church combining some striking merits with elements of marked weakness. The conspicuous feature is the series of gables with which the entire pile is fringed, like the church by Mr. Scott in Ashley-place, Victoria-street. These are ingeniously adapted to the climate, by the lower portions, forming the aisles, being blank, while the light is admitted through windows in the upper portion by an expedient somewhat similar to that chosen by Mr. Pullan. Picturesque as gables are in a northern city, they would have been not a little out of place at Constantinople. Moreover, Messrs. Prichard and Seddon's carriage-porch and steeple combine to form a western façade of inharmonious proportion.

As we have already stated, the churches in which the cupola appears have been rigorously excluded from mention of either class. In some of these, the dome is all in all, and gives a circular form to the main portion of the building; and in

others it is comparatively a subsidiary feature, as the central lantern of an oblong church. Among those of the first variety are the churches offered by Mr. Nicholl, Mr. G. Aitcheson, jun., and Mr. Wigley. They are all, in their way, clever. That of Mr. Nicholl is the most artistic conception, from the manner in which he combines the broad nave with the central lantern, and from the form (a spherical cone) which he gives to his cupola. His details are good, but somewhat too horizontal. Mr. Aitcheson abounds in picturesqueness and colour, and his boldly-ribbed cupola is certainly graceful; but the heavy square façade outside, and internally the cavernous chancel, ill-mated to the lofty circular nave—resembling, on a larger scale, St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge—are elements of failure which a practised architect would have avoided. Mr. Wigley's stern, Early Pointed, circular nave recalls the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, with which he is so familiar; but it is most incongruously combined with a semi-oval dome, a Louis XV. ball and cross, and a "divan" for eastern visitors. The churches in which the dome is only an accidental feature, are those by Mr. Garling, and Messrs. Guillaume and Campbell; and neither of them passes mediocrity. Putting aside the general question of a domical development of pointed architecture—of the possibility of which we entertain a very strong conviction—we consider that, in this particular instance, the Memorial Church Committee acted with sound practical judgment in trying both the architects and the judges by instructions in which the cupola was strongly, though inferentially, forbidden. There was not money sufficient to compete with the domes already at Constantinople which Islam has built for, or appropriated to, its own use; and to come into the field, therefore, with a very inferior imitation of the most characteristic feature of its religious architecture, would have been to expose gratuitously our own faith to comparisons, not merely mortifying, but dangerous in the minds of a population both ignorant and prejudiced.

Of the designs whose authors have travelled very little beyond our own island in search of ideas, the most creditable are those of Mr. Hills, Messrs. Francis, and Mr. Gabriel. Mr. Thripp has good points, but his west end, in which a cathedral type is pitifully reduced, astonishes us in one who competed so gallantly at Lille. Mr. R. Hawkins also falls notably below his antecedents. Mr. Railton's cathedral, with its three spires and its huge features adapted from Yorkshire abbeys, evinces a singular inaptitude to realize ordinary conditions of place and circumstance. The same may be said, in still stronger terms, of Messrs. Smith's debased counterfeit of Lichfield Cathedral, and Mr. Castle's overgrown minster. Mr. Sorby—who is, we conclude, a young man—gives rein to a most capricious fancy in a series of gigantic designs of a church, in which the desire to achieve something magnificent and original contends painfully with the crudeness of the means employed for that laudable end. However, Mr. Sorby has done what other men do not appear to have attempted—worked hard to produce his vast idea; and if he will only persevere in the same industrious course, he may at last become the constructor of buildings more meritorious, because less bizarre, than his proposed Constantinopolitan church.

How architects—men like the rest of us, who eat, drink, think, and move about among their fellow-mortals—can have been so very blind to the artistic condition of the day as to adventure designs such as a few which this exhibition unfolds, is a psychological problem which we decline to solve. Those who are interested in its investigation had better devote themselves to the study of the memorial churches respectively offered by Messrs. Corfe, Mitchell, Conybeare, Heffer, and Batter and Son. Truth, we are sorry to say, compels us to add that in this exceptional class are to be found three out of the four foreign competitors—Mr. Mould, of New York, M. Henzlemann, and M. Veillade, of Paris. M. Henzlemann—who was, *mirabile dictu*, one of the three holders of the first gold medal at Lille, in partnership with MM. Leblan and Rembault—revels in a mean reproduction of the Pentonville lancet style; while M. Veillade's more florid imagination has brought out a sprawling cathedral in a new development of *rococo flamboyant*.

We have heard some complaints of the method in which the designs are arranged in that corridor of King's College in which they are still open for gratuitous exhibition. Such criticisms are very unfair. It was necessary to exhibit the designs in early spring, because justice alike to the competitors and to the scheme demanded that public attention should not be permitted to flag, and because, if postponed till a later date, the exhibition would have been eclipsed by that for the Public Offices. There was much difficulty in finding an exhibition-room at this season of the year, and the Council of King's College, with most praiseworthy public spirit, gratuitously placed, on the motion of the Principal, one of its corridors at the disposal of the Memorial Church Committee. In so doing, the College, we doubt not, subjected itself to considerable inconvenience.

That the corridor was not so large as might have been desirable, was not the fault of the College. It has the advantage of being lighted from the top, while the arrangement of the designs has been carried out, through the unsparring exertions of Mr. Edmeston, the Secretary of the Architectural Exhibition, in a manner reflecting much credit on his resources under somewhat difficult circumstances. Those who have exerted themselves to keep faith with the public in the exhibition deserve thanks for it, and not discouragement.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S LECTURES AT THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

VI.

THE wonderful discoveries of Mammalian remains in various parts of Europe during the first twenty-five years of this century, excited in the scientific world a very natural curiosity as to the results of exploration in more southern climates, where the existing animals more nearly correspond to those which lived at a remote period in our regions of the globe. One of the first to gratify this curiosity was Mr. Crauford, who was sent to Ava in 1826, accompanied by Dr. Walllich. The vessel which conveyed them grounded in the Irawaddy, and during their enforced halt they were enabled to examine a river-cliff which rose hard by. Numerous fossils rewarded their search. Some were silicified remains of plants, and others were bones which had become thoroughly penetrated by hydrate of iron. The bones were sent to Mr. Clift, who, by his long labours at the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, has earned for himself so honourable a place in the Wallhalla of science. They were referred by him to the genera *Mastodon*, *Rhinoceros*, *Hippopotamus*, to a huge species of wild boar, to deer, antelopes, and buffaloes. The discovery of the hippopotamus excited great interest, and not less that of two new species of elephantine animals, and a *Rhinoceros* different from any one previously known. Later, Mr. Colebrooke made some discoveries of bones on the Brahmaputra, and at a still more recent period the great treasures of the Sewalik hills became known to Europe. These hills are tertiary outliers of the Himalayan range, lying between the Jumna and the Ganges, and rising to the height of from one to three thousand feet. The two principal labourers in this great mine of knowledge have been Dr. Falconer and Sir Proby Cautley, whose name will be long connected with Indian history by the great canal of the Doab. In this deposit, the animals which inhabited India in the earliest tertiary period are found entombed, as well as those which now have their homes in her jungles or on her plains. The remains of many elephants have been discovered here. We have also a creature nearly allied to the *Anoplotherium*, and another forming a link between the hog and the horse, while a third resembles the *Hipparion*. We find also the giraffe, a species of *Machairodus*, an *Amphicyon* larger than the grizzly bear, an extinct species of otter, and gigantic four-horned antelopes.

At the commencement of his twelfth and last lecture, Professor Owen took occasion to remind his hearers that only a portion of the extinct Mammalia whose forms are known to science had been alluded to in his lectures; and that so few countries have been as yet examined by geologists that we have probably very much still to learn about the Mammalian life of the earlier days of our planet. Still, however, we have data enough whereon to found the conclusion that the distribution of Mammalia in old times was governed by the same great physical laws which now determine it. After some more general remarks, Professor Owen passed to that land of anomalies—the Australian continent. In South America we find few Ruminants, but here we have none. Their analogues are herbivorous creatures, provided with claws. If we number up the whole of the Mammals of Australia, we have seventy-five; but twenty-two of these are marine creatures. Thus there are only fifty-three Australian Mammals which live on dry land. Every one of them is peculiar to this zoological province, and forty-three of them are Marsupials. Of these the most remarkable are the various species of kangaroos, the kangaroo-rats (small animals about the size of a rabbit), the phalangiers; the half-leaping, half-flying petaurists (rope-dancers), the burrowing wombats, and the dasyures (hairy-tails), which are carnivorous. Some species of dasyures are very small, and feed on insects. One, the Tasmanian devil, is much larger, and lives in the rocks by the sea-shore, making *razzias* on the sheep. The thylacine (pouch-dog) is also carnivorous, and, like the animal just mentioned, lives in Van Diemen's Land. It is about the size of a moderately large dog. There are two Australian bats, five rodents, two monotremes, already alluded to in these lectures, and one true dog.

It was in 1830 that the first important steps were taken in the examination of Australian extinct Mammalia. The pioneer of scientific research in this direction was Sir T. Mitchell, who in that year explored some very singular caverns in Wellington Valley, where, in a breccia cemented by red calcareous matter, he found many fossil bones. Some of these were sent to Professor Owen. They belonged, as it turned out, to gigantic kangaroos, immensely larger than any existing species, to a kind of wombat, to formidable Dasyures, and to several other genera. It also appeared that the bones, which were those of herbivores, had evidently belonged to young animals, while those of the carnivores were full-sized—a fact which points to the relations between the two families having been anything but agreeable to the herbivores. One of the Dasyures was as large as a leopard. Since 1830, Sir T. Mitchell has made further discoveries, and much has been done by Count Streletski, by Dr. Leichardt, Dr. Hobson, and others. Many very curious fossils have been found in the gravel which underlies the turbaries in some districts. Amongst others, certain teeth were discovered, which were first assigned by Professor Owen to an Australian relative of the *Dinotherium*. Further remains of the creature were, however, found, and they enabled him to determine that it was really allied

to the kangaroo, but with some points of resemblance to the wombat. The name of *Diprotodon* (creature with two front teeth) has been assigned to it, from the large tusks which suggested its relationship to the *Dinotherium*. If this creature had stood upright like a kangaroo, as a cursory examination of some of its remains would lead us to believe, it would have been beyond all comparison the tallest animal of which we know anything; but nature alters her proportions when any very portentous result would be arrived at by continuing, so to speak, to work on her old model, and so the *Diprotodon* had a form given to it more like that of the wombat.

Professor Owen next introduced his audience to the *Thylacoleo* (pouch-lion), a gigantic marsupial carnivore, whose character and affinities he made out from very small indications with that exquisite scientific tact which, in the unexpected character of its results, affects the mind almost like that highest kind of wit which charms without exciting laughter. This monster, which had kangaroos, with heads three feet long, to feed on, must have been one of the most extraordinary animals of the antique world. A notice of a few more extinct Australian forms, and of the *Dinornis* of New Zealand, concluded this part of the subject. Thence Professor Owen passed to a very brief summary of some of the results which have been arrived at in these lectures, noticing the more specialized character of the Mammalian forms which were latest introduced; the *Anoplotherium* and *Palæotherium*, for example, passing away before the horse—the *Machairodus* and the lion taking the place of the *Hyænodon*. A few considerations were then offered as to the bearing of the subject upon natural theology; after which, Professor Owen spoke of the pleasure which he had received from the large and attentive audience which had attended his lectures, and went on to promise that next year he would treat of fossil birds and reptiles. Finally, he pointed out, in a way which must have at once pleased and convinced almost every person in that great assemblage, how vast a treasure we leave almost unused in the British Museum. If the duty of delivering a short course of lectures were annexed to all the chief offices in that institution, how great a boon it would be to the public, and how invaluable in many ways to the lecturers themselves!

So ended a course of lectures of extraordinary intrinsic merit—a course which will, we venture to say, be memorable to many, as having first excited in them an interest which it will be the pleasing occupation of many future days to transmute into acquired knowledge. But there is another point of view in which these lectures have even a higher significance—they are, if the public will but say the word, the beginning of a new system. Is it reasonable that the British Museum should continue to be what it now is? Do not the wants of the age demand that it should become the driving-wheel of a great educational machine? And is it not obvious that the first step to this must be to insist upon such courses of lectures as Professor Owen suggests? The highest educational authorities long for such a change—Parliament would vote the small amount of money which would be needed, with the greatest alacrity. We cannot for one moment doubt that the able and admirable persons who preside over the various departments of our great National Collection would be only too happy to take their part in the scheme. If the thing is not done, and done speedily, there must be some "sinister interest" at work; and we are, we think, rather past the time when "sinister interests" can long endure the daylight of publicity.

REVIEWS.

PRE-RAFFAELITISM.*

TRUTH is seldom or never found in an extreme; and we are no more inclined to endorse all the opinions and arguments of the latest—and, we may add, the ablest—of the opponents of Pre-Raffaellism, than we are to enrol ourselves in the number of Mr. Ruskin's professed disciples. The true interests of art itself will not suffer from the earnest discussion of its principles and philosophy; and it is a happy augury for the future that the subject is found to be of sufficient general interest to provoke and maintain so respectable a controversy.

Emboldened by the unexpected success of two popular Lectures, which drew from Mr. Ruskin a tart notice in the Addenda to his *Edinburgh Lectures*, Mr. Young has returned to the attack of Pre-Raffaellism in the vigorous Essay now before us. "Ruskinism" would have been a truer title for his treatise than the one which he has chosen. For the object against which the author aims his sarcasms and pitiless logic is scarcely so much the actual practice of the so-called Pre-Raffaellite painters as the false principles of art which he finds asserted and defended in the various writings of Mr. Ruskin—the chief, if not the acknowledged, literary champion of the school. Mr. Young does not minutely examine all, or even many, of the pictures which have excited so much attention and so much criticism in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy for the last seven or eight years. But he rejoices in the refutation of Mr. Ruskin's sweeping

* *Pre-Raffaellism; or, a Popular Enquiry into some newly-asserted Principles connected with Philosophy, Poetry, Religion, and Revolution of Art.* By the Rev. Edward Young, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of "Art, its Constitution and Capacities." London: Longmans. 1857.

assertions, in translating his rhapsodies into tame prose, in bringing to the test of common sense some of his most brilliant imaginative flights, in showing the injustice and flippancy of most of his anathemas, and in exposing the inconsistency and direct contrariety of many of his most positive and dogmatic conclusions by that most cruel of all processes—the *reductio ad absurdum*. As all this is done very cleverly and very good-humouredly, and as the writer exhibits, on his own part, a considerable acquaintance with art and a real feeling for it, besides much power of expression and eloquent warmth of style, *Pre-Raffaellism* is a sufficiently amusing book, though perhaps unnecessarily lengthy, and typographically deformed by an excessive use of inverted commas and italics. Mr. Young, in fact, has taken the pains to do what most intelligent readers of Mr. Ruskin have contented themselves with desiring to do—viz., to follow out some of his paradoxes to their legitimate consequences, and to demonstrate the direct antagonism of the numerous contradictory principles which are to be found in his somewhat voluminous writings. The majority of Mr. Ruskin's readers are probably satisfied with selecting the *purpurei panni* that abound in his pages—his fervent declamation, his fine descriptive passages, and his gorgeous word-painting. They skip his more diffuse and minute disquisitions on the details of the philosophy of art, not merely because such researches are for the most part tedious and unintelligible to the general reader, but also because their common sense perceives that the brilliant rhetorician is enunciating half-truths, and that his logic cannot always be trusted. And this may account for the circumstance that, although so many persons read and enjoy and heartily admire Mr. Ruskin's works, yet it cannot be said that he has formed a school. He has no thorough-going followers—he stands aloof from most of our art-societies and organs of art-criticism—and there is no evidence that Mr. Millais, Mr. Hunt, and their colleagues, accept him as the authorized exponent of their principles. Most of those who really owe to Mr. Ruskin all the notions of art which they may possess, regard his Turner-worship as something very like a monomania; and, while they respect the depth of his convictions and the nobility of his sentiments, and relish the impassioned eloquence and copious vocabulary with which he expresses them, they shrink from committing themselves to his conclusions.

Hence we cannot consider Mr. Young's essay as either very much needed by the present interests of art, or as likely to be of lasting value—especially as its aim is almost exclusively destructive. Many persons will rise from the perusal of his volume with very confused ideas as to what they ought to admire in art, and why they ought to admire it. We do not mention this as any fault in the writer, who speaks modestly enough (pp. 12, 77) of his own performances; but merely to warn our readers that *Pre-Raffaellism* is addressed to those who are supposed to be converted to that heretical school, rather than to those who need a guide in the general study and criticism of art. Our own sympathies seldom go more warmly with Mr. Young than when he is denouncing Mr. Ruskin's vituperative depreciation of some of the great names of the old painters—for instance, when he defends *Salvator Rosa* and *Claude* from the moral charges so needlessly and unfoundedly brought against them (pp. 9, 18). In many of his remarks on the Turner controversy we can also thoroughly agree, in spite of some occasional exaggerations, which are perhaps pardonable in debate. And it is impossible to check a smile when we are introduced to some of "the inimitable self-immolations" (p. 28) which the essayist puts before us, by pitting against each other some of Mr. Ruskin's directly opposite statements in different treatises. One of the happiest of these dilemmas, upon the horns of which his victim is left inextricably impaled, is found in Chapter V. Here Mr. Young first quotes Mr. Ruskin's defence of Turner's "want of drawing" in his foregrounds, and then his justification of the exactly opposite extreme in Titian and *Raffaello*—and then, again (for, as he says, "Mr. Ruskin has contrived a further security against escape"), a re-assertion of the statement that a detailed foreground would be "a grammatical solecism—a painting of impossibilities." There follows a humorous description of a landscape supposed to be painted on this principle; and then Mr. Young makes a further application of the new canon, which we will quote:—

As to portrait, I have not the hardihood to put the result in black and white. It is clear that, if philosophy demands all this, there must be a distressing problem as to which individual feature is to have the post of honour. I can conceive but of one alternative: either a series of legitimate portraits of the same person, each contenting itself with the lawful articulation of a particular feature—the nose in one, the chin in another; or, that outrage on the laws of vision we have been accustomed to, which makes every feature save one a distinct "grammatical solecism," and all portrait-painting, without distinction, "a painting of impossibilities." This is no passage of arms. If there be no rational escape from the dilemma, neither is there, I suspect, from a conviction as to the real nature of this *Novum Organum* of the Art of Painting.

Having cried *Habet* over the vanquished champion in this logical fence, we may say, in fairness, that, in much that has laid him open to his present censor, Mr. Ruskin's plain meaning, if one takes the pains to understand him, has been merely to protest against the continuance of a dead tradition of Academic conventionalities among our painters—in which, as we shall see, he may almost reckon Mr. Young himself as a follower. And he, with all others who have done the same, deserves our best thanks for honest and successful efforts to recal artists to the true per-

sonal study of nature itself, and for delivering us from the stock presence of the celebrated "brown tree." And therefore, while we freely admit that a painter may easily sink art in science, yet we hold that no true artist ought to be regardless of scientific truth. A painter's eye might enable him, for example, to delineate the characteristic outlines of a limestone or gritstone hill, without any knowledge of geology. But the landscape painter can no more afford to sneer at that science than a sculptor at anatomy; and it is undeniable that very few views of scenery succeed in portraying accurately the features of a country. It was Roger Fenton's photographs that first showed us the real contours of the plateau of Sebastopol. The following extract, which is a good specimen of Mr. Young's best style, does not, therefore, command our sympathy in its conclusion—which, to our minds, is somewhat strained and unfair:—

There lay, a thousand fathoms down, the whole cantons of Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, with all their countless towns, villages, and hamlets, laughing in the joyous sunshine. There, stretched along its twenty leagues of azure, the calm lake of poetic, chivalric, and historic fane. There rose the revered towers of the grey old City of the Reformers. There, beyond, the unnumbered peaks of Savoy "in all the pomp of mountain majesty." There, flinging on them its magic mantle of light and shade, played a fantastic wreath of tissue cloud. And there, in its own world of unapproachable purity, was the *Mont Blanc* of all our day-dreams. We spoke not then of "slate, granite, or tuff." We spoke of nothing. We looked on the scene beneath—we looked in each other's eyes; there was the tear of delicious awe, but there was not a moment's thought of "the truths" of science.

In like manner we find ourselves unable to agree with the conclusion of Mr. Young's discussion on the Philosophy of Art, in which he seems to us rather hard both upon Turner and the *Pre-Raffaellites*; and the succeeding chapters, in which he attempts to define poetry and imagination, do not by any means satisfy us. But these are subjects on which men may allowably differ; and, believing as we do that much of the difference between controversialists in art-speculations is a matter of words, we are not ashamed to express our partial agreement with both sides of the dispute.

Pursuing our examination of this somewhat discursive essay, we come, in Chapter XIV., to a smart criticism of the transcendentalism of Mr. Ruskin's illustrative letterpress of the publication by the Arundel Society of Giotto's frescoes from the Arena Chapel at Padua. But here, too, we think that Mr. Young has erred a little in the other extreme. We should have expected from him more insight into the real merits of that great transitional painter. Here also, for the first, but not for the last time, we find the essay deformed by needlessly harsh language with respect to the Roman Catholic faith. Indeed, the chapters on the "Religion of Art" seem to us in all respects unworthy of the author; and it is strange enough to find Mr. Ruskin in his turn attacked for Popish tendencies. To what degree a spiritual religion may safely avail itself of the aid of plastic or pictorial art in exciting or sustaining devotional feeling, is a problem most difficult of solution. At any rate, let the question be discussed with temper and charity. It is not easy for any one to see his way in a matter of so much ambiguity; and it is probable that no view, except the two extremes, is wholly free from inconsistency. Mr. Young seems to us to incline overmuch to the divorce of art from religion, in spite of much that is nobly said in favour of their union, and in vindication of the high dignity of sacred painting. Take the following passage, for instance:—

It needs no argument to prove that the rendering of sacred subjects should be a sacred work, and that, in proportion to the dignity of what is portrayed, should be the moral character of the art that portrays it. A repentant Magdalene is no fitting food for gazing pruriency. A painter may flay *Marsyas*, and *Apollo*, too, if he pleases, to show his learning; but who shall make a "lay figure" of the Redeemer of the world? or what Christian will endure a lecture on anatomy at the tomb of *Joseph of Arimathea*?

Short of sins so gross, we may speak of all display of art as an offence in a religious picture. All gorgeousness purely æsthetic—all excessive rendering of unworthy details—all *chair and table painting*—all hard-featured realism of any kind—disturb and mock the feeling they profess to serve. A staring religious picture is a contradiction in terms. There is no amount of power too great for sacred subjects, whilst the power is sacredly subordinated; there is no amount of sacredness in the subject that can atone for *protruded art*.

We can only allude to some striking passages in which Mr. Young describes very powerfully some favourite works of *Raffaello*, and treats of the perfection of Greek sculpture. The controversial form of his book is unfavourable, as we have observed, to its usefulness and permanent interest. But we hope that a writer of so much ability will present the public with some disquisitions on art of a positive kind, in which he may investigate its philosophy and practice, and vindicate the idealism of the old masters, without any reference to *Pre-Raffaellism* and Mr. Ruskin. Meantime, the last-named gentleman is very unlikely to evade the challenge of his present antagonist; and Mr. Young may expect to have some of his own inconsistencies remorselessly dissected. A *Pre-Raffaellite* critic might nail him, for instance, to an express admission (p. 21) of Mr. Ruskin's premises—might taunt him with his confession (p. 222) that it were easy to construct from Mr. Ruskin himself a protest against all the errors which he has stigmatized as *Pre-Raffaellism*—and, finally, might claim him as a *Pre-Raffaellite* for more than one ample justification of the very art-revolution which he denounces. With two such passages we conclude. The first seems to us to express exactly the real merit of the new school, and the error of excess into which some of its disciples have fallen; while the other will probably

be selected as the motto for the title-page of Mr. Ruskin's next volume.

To correct artistic vices of long standing—to go honestly back to first principles—and to do this, if need be, in the face of obloquy—is something more than artistic virtue. To inflict causeless scandal by the affectation of what is not only obsolete, but imperfect—to forego our natural speech, and speak stultically with “stammering lips”—is to reverse the order of art and nature. As to the charm of real pictures of the earlier ages, there can be, of course, no doubt. Their very crudities have a secret power. But who can say as much for gratuitous archaisms?

We want, no doubt, a fresh appeal to Nature. I profoundly subscribe to that expression of my *Westminster* critic, “the domain of Dilettantism.” Art has been a plaything—a subject of affected phrases and cold sentiment; plenty of talk, plenty of information, enough sometimes of intelligence, but no heart. Even artists have studied the model, discussed, asserted, but never fallen in love with it. I blame them not; it was not virtue to be enthusiasts in the world they were content to live in. One thing is indisputable; if we are to have anything better than “market carts,” and “fishermen in courtly breeches”—if the words “*High Art*” are to be anything better than the sheerest nonsense—we must be as much in earnest with the higher subjects as some have begun to be with the lower ones.

STANLEY'S LECTURES ON THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

NO event in the recent history of Oxford is comparable in importance to the appointment of Canon Stanley to the chair of Ecclesiastical History. The appointment derives its importance, partly from the qualities of the Professor, and partly from the special necessity which exists for that particular Professorship being held by a man who can give it life and reality. There are very few persons who could attract an audience to a subject ordinarily reckoned so uninteresting; and therefore the personal qualities of the Professor are in this case the very foundation of any satisfactory results being attained. Canon Stanley brings to the chair the high reputation he has gained as a historian, a biographer, and a traveller. He is at the head of that large body of members of the University who are attached to the memory of Dr. Arnold, either through personal recollections, or by sympathy for the nobleness of his character. He has conciliated men of the most opposite shades of thought by the traits of character that display themselves in all his writings—generosity, a genuine admiration of excellence, and the simple zeal of a comprehensive charity. Yet qualities like these, although they would have ensured his being a popular and attractive teacher, would not have made his appointment more important than that of many other Professors. But the circumstances of the time give an importance to the study of ecclesiastical history which is unrivalled in other departments of knowledge. At every turn, in every political discussion, in almost every book, we may see that we are at present suffering from the ignorance of ecclesiastical history which disgraces the clergy, and which also fetters and cramps the laity. If the history of the Church were known, we should get rid of the unwarranted burden of Sabbatarianism, and we should also get rid of those many vexed questions which only flourish because the disputants refuse to acknowledge the real position accepted by the Church of England at the Reformation. And it must be remembered that, if we may judge from the present temper of the religious public, there is no way in which a firmer and wider faith can be established, except by the study of ecclesiastical history. Englishmen—the ordinary Englishmen of the parsonage or the counting-house—have no turn for the science of theology. They view with distrust a range of speculations which they feel to be beyond or beside the current of their thoughts. Critical theology, again, is likely to make but very slow way in England, as so few of the critics are even decently honest. But no one can refuse to listen to the teachings of history, nor can any one shrink from that gradual enlargement of view which the contemplation of very different ages and men insensibly creates.

We see at once the kind of mind with which we are brought in contact when we turn to the opening lecture of the short series now published. The author sets himself to inquire what are the bounds of the province on which he is entering. What, he asks, is meant by ecclesiastical history? It means, he answers, the history of that scheme, beginning with the call of Abraham and continuing to the present time, through which the knowledge of God has been at once communicated to, and attained by, the human race. It includes the great facts of modern history, but regards them only as they fall within the path of this great progress of spiritual knowledge. It includes such remarkable divergences from the path of progress as Mahometanism, and the corruption against which Mahometanism was a protest. It is obvious that such a view proceeds from a man capable of seeing things as a whole. It is also obvious that it proceeds from a man who does not recognise a course of things ecclesiastical apart from a course of things secular. When we find such a sentence as that “the French Revolution must always be considered as an epoch in the religious history of man,” we know that we are clear of all those dangers which spring from the narrow interpretation of a word.

We may see, in the second lecture, how the peculiar turns of Mr. Stanley's mind—his love of biography and geography—work

to give life and breadth to his ecclesiastical teaching. He exhorts his hearers to the detailed study of great men—“of some one event, person, or institution of commanding interest.” “It will furnish us,” he says, “with the best mode of giving life to what is often a barren labour; but it will also be the best safeguard against many of the evils with which the student of ecclesiastical history is beset”—against the levelling tendency which sees no difference between things essential and things unessential—against the separation of civil and ecclesiastical history—and against “the prevailing sin of ecclesiastical historians, exclusiveness and partiality.” He entreats his hearers also to accept the lessons, and invoke the influence of particular places, and of local associations. “There are,” he says, “few more interesting episodes in modern ecclesiastical history than that of the Scottish Covenanters. But the school in which that episode must be studied is Scotland itself. The caves, and moors, and moss-bogs of the Western Lowlands are more instructive than many books.” And then shortly afterwards he adds—“What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church can be compared to that afforded by the Roman catacombs?” It would be difficult to find any teaching that ministers more directly to the growth of a large-hearted charity than that of a writer whose admiration is so spontaneous and so large, and who feels so powerfully the goodness of all good men, because he is gifted with a power of understanding their lives through the contemplation of matters that, to ordinary observers, seem almost accidental.

In the third and concluding lecture, the writer's general view of ecclesiastical history is expanded and defined. He urges the importance of facts in theological study, and points out “how many elaborate arguments respecting terms of salvation and terms of communion are shivered to pieces, yet without offence, almost without resistance, as they are walked through by such heathens as Socrates, such nonconformists as Howard, such Quakers as Elizabeth Fry.” He dwells on the importance of a general view of ecclesiastical history. “The bitterness,” he remarks, “of English partisanship will be greatly diminished in proportion as we recognise the fact, that the divergence between the Church of England and nonconformists springs from differences not so much of theological principle or opinion as of social and hereditary position.” And lastly, he refers us to the real principle which lies at the bottom of the respect paid to the great historical churches. “There is,” he says, “a common sense in the Church as there is a common sense in the world which cannot be neglected with impunity, and there is an eccentricity in individuals and in sects which always tends to lead us, if not into dangerous, at least into crooked paths.” This portion of the subject is only lightly touched on, but it is the most fertile, the most central of any. And we hope in the future lectures of Mr. Stanley to see it worked out satisfactorily. We get past many of the leading theological questions of the day, and clear of many of the leading theological sects and parties, if we do but apply the test which the necessities of temporal government supply. A moment's reflection, for instance, tells us that a Quaker could not govern England, and we may be sure therefore that he is wrong. The religion that is true must meet the actual circumstances of this present world; and if we cannot readily fancy any one who is at once a good man and a great soldier or statesman as belonging to the particular creed or party of which we happen to be thinking, we may be sure the fault is in the creed or party, and not in the man. The adherents of these grades of belief have passed from the broad common sense of great institutions to the narrow eccentricities of small ones.

These lectures abundantly justify all the hopes to which the appointment of Mr. Stanley gave rise, although their character as preliminary and general discourses necessarily makes them in some measure sketchy and fragmentary. Even the slight faults which they display have their pleasant or useful side. We cannot deny that the language appears to us to be too often rhetorical. We are rather overpowered by the constant metaphors from scenery, from gushing streams, and dark valleys and misty hill-tops. But then we cannot but be reminded by these metaphors of all that the world has gained from Mr. Stanley's love of scenery and observation, which has enabled him to write almost, if not quite, the only enduring book of descriptive geography that exists. We may distrust such generalizations as that “the great spiritual migration has been stepping steadily westward;” for the most westerly point of the migration of Biblical fanaticism is Utah, and we cannot acknowledge that it is really a-head of us. But those who are acquainted with the writings of Dr. Arnold will trace the parentage of this and kindred remarks, and will almost delight to recognise an inherited mixture of wisdom and exaggeration in the sentences of his most eminent pupil. We cannot also refuse to be conscious that throughout these lectures the writer makes it apparent that there are fields of thought in which he does not care to stray. What, for example, are we to think of a theological professor who, when speaking of Christianity in modern Europe, dismisses Germany by saying that “its influence, whether for good or evil, has been almost too impalpable to attach itself to any course of events, or any definite outward character?” Germany, which has contributed to the nineteenth century two of the most important movements of modern Christianity—the reaction of spiritualism against materialism, and the development of a free (and perhaps something more than a free)

* Three Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penryhn Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Canon of Canterbury. Oxford: John Henry and James Parker. 1857.

exegesis—will appear in a rather different light to the ecclesiastical historian of a future age. But we are glad that Mr. Stanley feels that Germany lies out of his path. His work, to be effective, must bear on the matter immediately before him. He has to dispel the clouds of thick darkness which blind the eyes of so many of those who occupy the pulpit, or declaim against its occupants. To do this, he must walk where others will follow him, and along paths which all consider trustworthy. He may then lead his hearers whither he would. By gradually creating an appreciation of great aims and wide aspirations, by showing the vast scale of all history, by dwelling on the strength and weakness of man, he may hope to foster a love of truth, and to infuse into the minds of hundreds a spirit of moderation, of candour, and of honesty.

THE KELTS.*

THE Kelts are to modern and Western Europe somewhat like what the Pelasgi have been to ancient Greece and Italy. We are quite unable to ignore, and almost equally unable to explain them. Everywhere the scattered sounds of their language remain behind them in the names of rivers and mountains which their conquerors possess, while the race itself presses on to the West, and forgets its mother speech. Circles of stones, so placed as to catch the first light of dawn, are the great records of their existence as a society; but their own legends cannot explain them, and we know not whether they were temples or sepulchres. The people is not dying out—it is now more numerous than ever; and it may almost be questioned whether the better half of what we call an Anglo-Saxon population, especially on the other side the Atlantic, is not really Keltic. Most singular again, and very definite, are the notions we form of their character. They are deficient in self-reliance, in the power of organization, and in truthfulness. But they possess enthusiasm and high intellectual capacity. It is difficult, therefore, to estimate duly the share they may have had in building our civilization. Laws which used to be thought Germanic meet us constantly in the codes of the Kelts. Chivalry, with its cycle of legends, has been by antiquarians derived from Brittany, and is associated with Welsh names. Thus the problem is not merely one for the archaeologist or historian, but is connected with every department of politics and life. The solution of it will not be in our day. But two important contributions to it have lately appeared from the pens of German writers, and have been noticed in our pages. Who were the Kelts, and in particular, are they virtually the same race as the Germans? is the question which Dr. Brandes examines. Where were the Kelts, and in what parts of Central Europe are their traces left behind in the names of places? is the subject of Herr Mone's philosophical treatise.

It is evident that a number of different sources must be examined before we can decide who the Kelts were. The descriptions of Roman writers are for the most part unsatisfactory. Very few of them cared to discriminate one barbarous class of their subjects from another. Even now there are very few men whose eyes are tutored to detect the characteristic types of race, or whose ears can catch the differences of unknown languages. And the specimens from which the classical *savant* had to make his inductions were often the slaves whose conspicuous size and beauty had brought them into the market, or to swell a triumph. A rather lengthy description by Strabo is almost valueless, because it is clear that he fell in with exceptional instances. Moreover, the differences between barbarians are almost of necessity very slight—savages are the crude ore of humanity, and we can scarcely tell what metal will be refined from it. In deciding, therefore, that our historical knowledge of Germans and Gauls dates from Cæsar, Dr. Brandes is hardly exercising more than a judicious scepticism. Our real materials may be said to begin with Tacitus. The general evidence of history is decisive for the distinction of the two peoples; and only a few Greeks and one Roman, who drew from Greek sources, ever confound them. The difficulties have chiefly arisen from border tribes. The Belgæ were of old, as they still remain, the debatable territory of Germanic and Keltic influences. The Saxon invasion of England—which, in fact, commenced before the coming of Cæsar—perplexed the observers who landed on the eastern or the southern coasts of the island. Everywhere, in fact, the conclusion is forced upon us, that very little permanent change has been made in the population of any country since its history was first written. The same races have been constantly striving and mingling in the same districts. To find a pure type anywhere is almost impossible. But probably in some portions of Brittany the blue blood of the old Keltic nobility is still preserved among the peasantry.

Herr Mone was already honourably known by an edition of the *Latin Hymns of the Church*. His present work, in fact, divides itself into two parts. The first, and by far the more considerable in amount, is a mere vocabulary of local and other names, which are still preserved to us in France, Germany, Bohemia, and even Greece. The great objection to labours of this kind is the uncertainty that attaches to them. Such pure

Keltic forms as *usk* (water) are now very seldom met with. Sometimes, as in *Oelbach* (a misunderstood word), "*oil*" (stone), and its suffix "*abh*" (water), are rendered by two German syllables of similar sound, of which one is meaningless, and the other probably the same radical in its Teutonic form. Often, as in the cases of "*burg*" and "*dun*," or "*tun*," the same sounds, with almost the same meanings, belong to the two tongues. Sometimes two distinct forms are found existing side by side, of which one is the mere translation of the other. Occasionally, these, if they be monosyllabic, are united, text and commentary going down to posterity together. An instance of this is *Bonland*, where the second syllable explains the first. And a fifth form of confusion may be seen in such a local name as *Oxford*, where the first syllable is almost certainly nothing more than the Keltic *usk* (water), which has lost its meaning in an Anglo-Saxon form, and is yoked in helpless captivity to a word of pure German origin. If, however, the names of places present these difficulties, we scarcely get much additional light by examining the radical types of their component parts. It is difficult to say with certainty why any form has a claim to be considered the especial property of one or another language. Here we think is the weak side of Dr. Mone's labours. Such forms as, *mi* (small), *milo* (soldier), *rick* (mountain), *rei* (king), and fifty others which we might quote, can surely be paralleled in the not very remote instances of such words as *minuo*, miles, *rick*, rücken, and *rex*. Half the bad archaeology by which a Keltic or a Gothic origin has been ascribed to the population of Rome is based on the exaggerated estimate which a partial inquirer forms of a special tongue. Nevertheless, a work such as that before us has value of a very high kind, if its rudimentary nature be carefully kept in sight. It separates from the mass of common material every possible form that may belong to a certain family. Let the same labour be extended to other tongues, and it will certainly be found that the vocabularies cross in many hundred instances. Thus the way will be paved for a comparative lexicon of all existent radical forms in human languages. Even this, however, will be of very little value to establish affinity, for the question will always remain whether similar sounds are not the result of similar vocal organs. But it may in some cases prove essential diversity; and it will at least place the respective claims of different races on an equal footing.

The second part of Herr Mone's work is a very curious attempt to show the elements of civilization contributed by the Kelts to early society from the vestiges of their speech. By an analysis of the *Salic laws*, he finds that, in the intermixture with their German conquerors, the vassals added not a little to the common vocabulary. But his subject does not lead him to deal with the question how far the laws themselves are derived from the governing or the subject class. The original of language, not of thought, is his study. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that the "*thrall*" of Saxon times was the "*droll*," or untutored peasant, of the Britons—that "*swain*" is an armour-bearer—and that "*glaive*," "*spear*," and "*lance*," are terms we owe to the conquered, not to the conquering people—an incidental refutation, by-the-bye, of Niebuhr's theory of the non-Pelasgic element in Latin. That "*Gerefn*" is merely "*gwr eb*," (comes), and "*jarl*" a contraction of "*iarthlath*," the travelling warrior, will, we think, seem more doubtful to cautious philologists; and the Irish form "*earfhlaithreach*" (noble), which Herr Mone thinks a triumphant proof of his theory, will only be admitted by that school of criticism which discovers Druids and Bards in the augurs and senators of Rome. The numerous Norse settlements in Ireland will surely explain the presence of a few Norse terms—if, indeed, it be necessary to account for such analogies by any theory but that of a common power of speech, and perhaps a common origin. We tread upon safer ground when we get to the mere denominatives of objects or comparison. In half the language of common life we are much more British than we think. Such words as "*basket*" and "*plaster*," "*gimblet*," "*brush*," and "*block*," "*breeches*," "*boots*," and "*towel*," "*stoup*" and "*gable*"—are still in household use. "*Hog*" and "*sow*," and "*rasher*" of bacon, point out the favourite food of the primitive race; "*mutton*" has wandered back to us with the Norman conquest, when so much Keltic blood avenged itself on the Saxon; "*perch*," "*mackerel*," and "*turbot*," "*onion*," "*bran*," and "*grease*," are among the Keltic Lemures of the kitchen. We may set off the possible derivation of "*brick*" against the evidence of degradation which meets us in "*cabin*"—the name of the Keltic houses. That "*tin*" and "*pewter*" are British words, reminds us that our fathers were workers in mines. "*Gallant*" and "*trumpet*" may be added to the list of terms which recall the Keltic enthusiasm for war—"carol," "*dance*," and "*coquette*" are the rightful property of a lively and social race. "*Gown*," "*cassock*," and "*robe*," may be claimed indifferently by ecclesiastics and milliners. For an obvious reason, adjectives are among the most rare of the words that have floated down to us. The simple conceptions of action and being, the names of places and things, are easily transferred from one race to another; but nice shades of comparison and insensible gradations of quality, can be felt rather than explained, and differ, like thought and feeling, in different nations.

Works like those before us, by their excellences no less than their shortcomings, suggest very forcibly the unsound basis of modern ethnological inquiry. Neither the most accurate

* Das Ethnographische Verhältniss der Kelten und Germanen. Von Dr. H. B. Chr. Brandes. London: Williams and Norgate. Keltische Föbrechnungen zur Geschichte Mittel-Europas. Von F. J. Mone. London: Williams and Norgate.

cranial measurements, nor the most minute analysis of speech, can ever disclose to us man in his fulness and depth. In the recent lectures of Professor Owen, which the columns of this paper have recorded, he has established a new basis of classification, discriminating animals one from another by the different forms of the brain. The centre of nervous power is growth to the animal, and thought to the moral man. And thus a meeting-point is given, in which the sciences of human form and speech may at last complete their circles and merge into one. Psychology, simple or comparative, is the only real foundation of history. Scarcely anywhere could it shed a stronger light than on the existence and records of the Kelts. Their fatal divorce of practice and theory is as clear in the days of Howel Dha as under the constitution-mongers of modern France. In every country where their race lingers, its Catholicism has been of the Gallican type, and its Protestantism is Calvinist—never Anglican, Greek, or Lutheran. A positive belief in Pantheism confronts us in their old faith in metempsychosis, which Casar chronicles and Taliesin sung—Scotus disguised it in Alexandrian philosophy—it reappears, with theological variations, in Descartes and Malebranche, not to mention a late believer in Plotinus. But the negative phase of speculation is the more common. Abelard, with his hard trenchant logic, is the intellectual progenitor of Rabelais and Voltaire. And Abelard's conceptualism bears about the same relation to the metaphysics of his time, that Montaigne does to the French society of the League—common sense is in both made sublime by the very indifference with which it contemplates the fanaticism of opposite creeds. The Breton and Welsh laws are as elastic in their notions of property, and as dignified in their appreciation of the proletariat, as any advocate of tenant-right or M. Proudhon. What we call the Germanic reverence for woman is faint and imperfect before the respect and power which have been the heir-loom of Celtic ladies, from Boadicea and Queen Gue-never down to Madame Roland and Madame de Staël. M. Cousin's charming biographies could scarcely have been written for any other people. The honour paid to powers of expression is equally characteristic of the ancient and modern race. The bards of Wales were next in power to its chiefs; and France, as the *Times* used to hint some years ago, is the only country where popular journalism has been commonly rewarded with seats in the Assembly or a share in the Government. Unhappily, there is another point in which the parallel holds true. The literary men of Cambria were the venal parasites of their princes, and the "bards" of modern France have done homage to the Jesuits and Louis Napoleon.

CEYLON: PAST AND PRESENT.*

WE have no right to complain of the title of this book, for it does tell us about "Ceylon, Past and Present;" but we confess that we feel much aggrieved by its binding. What business had Sir George Barrow to imprint on the very front of his volume that gilded picture of an elephant standing under a palm-tree—a picture the very sight of which calls up a throng of pleasing Oriental images, and, taken in connexion with the title, tempts us at once to carry it off from our bookseller's after just one hurried glance at the contents of the work? What right has any man to inveigle us in this fashion into the purchase of a dull, heavy, prosaic book of useful knowledge and minute statistics? This volume ought to have been done up in blue paper, and then its exterior would have been duly suggestive of its inner nature. We can hardly call to mind another instance of such a striking contrast between the subject of a book and the manner in which it is treated. Sir George Barrow describes some of the noblest and most magnificent scenery in the world, in words which show us that he does not possess a particle of descriptive power. He appears well-informed, accurate, generally sound in judgment, and always honourable in feeling; but he is hard and dull to a wonderful degree. He describes palms and tallipot-trees in as prosaic a manner as if he were giving statistics of the growth of turnips at an agricultural society's meeting. He gives us an account of that beautiful island, so singularly cut off from, yet half-united to, the Indian continent—its strange traditions, its historic records, its new trees and flowers, its tigers and elephants, its nerveless and helpless races of men, its huge tanks and massive pillars, which testify in ruin to the energy and civilization of generations which have passed away—in a style somewhat less lively and attractive than the Registrar-General's weekly returns of the mortality of the metropolis.

We suppose there are few places in the world whose names suggest more interesting associations than that of Ceylon. We think of a rich and beautiful country, mountains, plains, and noble rivers, with the newness of Oriental vegetation, the palm-tree, and the jungle—where tigers lurk in the shade, and elephants crash through the underwood—where monkeys chatter from the branches at the passing traveller, and where enormous serpents trail along with a sickening undulation. Ceylon, it will be remembered, is the scene of Monk Lewis's horrible story of the Anaconda. We find from Sir George Barrow's book that we need not modify our early impressions of this island; for such is still its aspect and such are its productions. We are also assured that there is nothing fabulous about

the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon—nine leagues off at sea they still render the air fragrant. And then—a dark shade in this bright picture—we are informed that not without reason did Bishop Heber lament the contrast which exists between the degradation of the inhabitants and the beauty of a region—

Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Buddhism and Brahminism are the religions professed by the Singhalese; but it appears that devil-worship is much more heartily practised. The natives seek rather to appease malignant spirits which can do them harm than to offer worship to deities whose nature is understood to be benevolent. In short, while the external aspect of Ceylon is precisely such as Mr. Tennyson pictures in the brief but graphic description of Oriental landscape in *Locksley Hall*, the people are such as to confirm the second thoughts of the hero of that poem as to the total unfitness of such an abode for the man who has known the mingled advantages and evils of civilization:—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breaths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bough, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

The accounts of scenery and life in Ceylon which one is accustomed to see, show the island to us from very different points of view. We have, first, the descriptions contained in various magazines and reports of missionary intelligence; and next, especially of late years, we have several sporting books, which carry us into the hills and woods, and give us lively pictures of a hunter's life in a country where his game (compared with that of our stubble-fields and moors) approaches to the sublime. Mr. Baker's cheerful work, *The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon*, is probably familiar to most of our readers. It furnishes a good deal of information, conveyed in a fresh and pleasant way. But Sir George Barrow's book has the good points which very dull books often possess. It gives us a pretty full account of Ceylon, as it was two centuries since, and as it is to-day. It contains an abstract of Robert Knox's curious work describing his captivity in the island for twenty years in the latter half of the seventeenth century; and then the author comes down to the present time, and gives us some account of the towns and sea-ports, the roads and projected railways, the revenue and expenditure, the coffee and cinnamon plantations, the number of children at school, the various missions which are established in different parts, the apathetic and enervated disposition of the natives, and the difficulties which stand in the way of making them either Christians or energetic workers. All this is done with such minute particularity—so many statistical schedules and tables are given, and such a power is evinced of presenting all facts and opinions in the very baldest and driest shape—that, bulk for bulk, we should not be afraid to weigh this book against an equal number of pages of Coke upon Littleton.

In the month of November, 1659, a ship belonging to the East India Company put into the Bay of Trincomalee for repairs. Sixteen of her crew, including Robert Knox the captain, and Robert Knox, his son, then a lad of nineteen, were entrapped by the natives; and the ship set sail, leaving them behind. They were not ill-treated. They were not compelled to any kind of work. They were divided into parties of two or three, and provided with dwellings in different villages. A somewhat insufficient allowance of food was supplied to them, but by various little schemes—by knitting caps, for which there was at first a great demand among the natives, and "by pinching a little out of his belly"—Robert Knox the younger gradually became a little capitalist, the owner of some hogs and hens, and built a house for himself in a garden of cocoa-nut trees. The elder Knox died at a very early period of his captivity; and the son records with much unaffected pathos how he buried his father in a grave which he dug with great labour, and almost entirely alone. Some attempts towards the liberation of the prisoners were made by Sir Edward Winter, Governor of Fort St. George, in the year 1664; but they ended in nothing. As time went on, however, the watch which had at first been maintained on the movements of the captives was gradually relaxed; and at length Knox and certain of his companions, having become pedlars that they might with less remark pass from place to place, succeeded in escaping to the Dutch fort of Arrepa:—

It being about four of the clock on Saturday afternoon, October the 15th, 1679—which day God grant us grace that we may never forget—when He was pleased to give us so great a deliverance from such a long captivity of nineteen years and six months and odd days being taken prisoner when I was nineteen years old, and continued upon the mountains among the heathen till I attained to eight and thirty.

After Robert Knox returned to England, he published his *Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon*; and, anticipating the incredulity of the reading public as to many things stated in it, he procured to be prefixed to it the guarantee of the "Court of Committees for the East India Company," as well as that of Sir Christopher Wren, then the President of the Royal Society. The book is mainly occupied with an account of the country, its geographical features and natural history, Knox's own adventures being modestly recorded at the end of his volume. We cannot help forming an extremely favourable impression of him from the extracts with which Sir George Barrow favours

* *Ceylon: Past and Present*. By Sir George Barrow, Bart. London: Murray. 1857.

us. He seems to have been a keen observer and a kindhearted man. Great courage and indomitable perseverance under the most depressing discouragements are strongly-marked features in his character; and there is something very touching and pleasing in the simple piety which breathes through his whole story.

The general aspect of Ceylon has changed very little since the days when Knox was a captive in the island. The vegetable kingdom is unaltered—the same animals are still found—and the customs of the Singhalese appear to be to-day precisely what they were in Knox's time, and for centuries before it. But the tyranny of the native princes is at an end. The crack of the English rifle is heard among the hills, as the sportsman tracks the elephant and tiger. The Indian steamship puts into Colombo, now grown a large town, to take in its supply of coal. The royal mail—the very shabbiest of its race—runs from Galle to Kandy. An ordinance has passed the Legislative Council for the making of a railway from Colombo on the south-west coast, to Kandy, the ancient capital of the island, situated in its centre; and the electric telegraph is shortly to be placed along certain of the principal lines of communication. There are Christian churches and missionary schools without number, although several official persons, who have had good opportunities of judging, doubt whether Christianity has gained much real hold of the Singhalese. The natives who profess to be converted are too often found, in sickness and death, to revert to the devil-worship of their early superstition. There is a Bishop of Colombo, and Kandy has a library, a gaol, an hospital, and a hotel.

All writers who have described the natural features of Ceylon have been at one in their accounts of its beauty. Two hundred years since, an officer who had just come from the island was asked by the King of Portugal to give an account of it. His reply was—"It is an island whose surrounding seas are sown with pearls, whose woods are cinnamon, its mountains covered with rubies, its caverns full of crystal—in a word, the place which God chose for the terrestrial Paradise." Sir G. Barrow says:—

The Singhalese believe in this latter assertion. It was from "Adam's Peak" that "our grand-parents," as Milton calls them, took their last view of this paradise before they were expelled from it. On the summit is the print of Adam's lingering foot; and there is "Adam's Bridge," by which he left the island, "with loss of Eden," to traverse "the wide, wide world."

Mr. Boyd thus describes Ceylon, as seen in sailing along its shore:—

The face of the country exhibits to the eye of taste a variety of landscapes at once beautiful and grand. With a good telescope you distinctly perceive the land in some parts rising gradually, in others abruptly, from the shore; everywhere clothed with verdure, interspersed with villages, shaded by stately trees, divided into corn-fields, in many places enclosed by quickset hedges. Farther back in the country you behold plantations of coffee, and whole woods of cinnamon and various other aromatics, frequently overtopped by the lofty tamarind and the palm, occasionally giving way to the majestic banyan, and intermixed throughout with trees bearing their fruit and blossom together. The eye at length loses sight of these woods on the acclivities of the stupendous mountains, whose broken precipices, tufted with old trees, overlook the plains, and whose shaggy tops tower above the clouds. It is scarcely possible for the imagination to picture scenery more magnificent and delightful.

So much for the island as seen from a distance. The widow of Bishop Heber gives us a lively description of its features on a nearer view:—

On leaving Veangodde the country rises gradually, and becomes more beautiful every mile. The hills in the interior are steep and lofty, and covered with verdure to their very summits. I more than once fancied they were crowned with ruins, from the singular effect produced by parasitical plants, which grow in the wildest luxuriance, flinging their branches from one tree to another, each of which they in turn destroy, till they form themselves into the shapes of arches, towers, and ruins of all kinds. Several of these creepers had, I observed, stretched a solitary branch a distance of about a hundred yards, which had grown to the size of a man's body, and assumed the appearance of twisted cords; but, although near the ground, was quite unsupported in its progress from the stem of one tree to its neighbour. From the midst of this verdure large masses of rock are occasionally projected; but it is quite impossible to describe the scenery.

The heat of the climate renders the ground unproductive, unless where it can be irrigated; and to supply water to the rice-fields, enormous tanks, some of seven or eight miles in length, were constructed in past ages, when Ceylon was peopled by a more energetic race. Most of these are now in ruins, but the British Government intends taking means for their restoration. Mrs. Heber says:—

The valleys between the hills are cultivated with rice, and indeed it is in these mountainous regions that the greatest quantity is grown, on account of the facilities they afford for irrigation. The fields in which it is sown are dammed up, and form a succession of terraces, the plant in each, perhaps, being in a different stage of growth.

Still Ceylon, with all its fertility, does not produce rice sufficient for the support of its population, but annually imports a considerable amount from Bengal.

While the native monarchs reigned, it was usual to train elephants to act as executioners of criminals. Mr. Sirm, who visited the island in 1850, saw a huge mottled elephant which had been especially skilful in this work, and which accordingly had been a favourite of the last King of Kandy. That tyrant was dethroned in 1815, and no such executions took place after that period; but the elephant must have been thoroughly trained to his task, if we may judge from the apparent relish

with which he went through its movements after five-and-thirty years:—

The chief gave the word of command, ordering the creature to "slay the wretch!" The elephant raised his trunk, and twined it as if around a human being. The creature then made motions as if he were depositing the man on the earth before him, then slowly raised his fore-foot, placing it alternately upon the spots where the limbs of the sufferer would have been. This he continued to do for some minutes; then, as if satisfied the bones must be crushed, the elephant raised his trunk high into the air, and stood motionless. The chief then ordered him to "complete his work," and the creature immediately placed one foot as if upon the man's abdomen, and the other upon his head, apparently using his entire strength to crush and terminate the wretch's misery.

When we remember that this memorial of atrocious cruelty is but a straw to show how the wind blew in the days of Ceylon's native kings—only a single specimen of the régime which British power has happily swept away—we feel that sentimental regrets for the dethronement of such miscreants are abundantly absurd.

L'UNITE FRANCAISE.*

IN the year 1526, some Venetian ambassadors wrote to their Government concerning France in the following terms:—"There are countries of greater fertility and wealth than France, such as Hungary and Italy; there are some of greater power, such as Germany and Spain; but no country has so much unity." The fact here insisted on by these sagacious observers of men and manners in France during the sixteenth century, has justly appeared to the Comte de Carné to be so essentially characteristic of his country as to warrant him in grouping around it, and interpreting by its aid, the history of some six centuries. And, indeed, of the numerous significations which the expression "national unity" may be made to bear, there is not one which, at some period or other, is not an aspect of French history. For example, it may refer to the fusion and amalgamation of races, as effected by the absorption of inferior races into one of superior organization, whose influence they are made to feel by migration or conquest. Or again, the appearance of national unity may for a time be successfully counterfeited by the brigading of different races under the common rule of an able head and an iron arm. It may further denote what is popularly termed *centralization*; and here it is very material to distinguish what may be called *executive* from purely *administrative* unity—the one embracing the formation and enactment of general laws affecting the weal of the nation at large and its foreign relations, the other comprising the more special and local interests of the community. Throughout these volumes, M. de Carné does not appear to have at all recognised the distinction to which we allude. The coexistence of both these phases of national unity in his own country—where the principle of centralization became incarnate in the persons of Richelieu and the first Napoleon—seems to have made him jumble the two together, and led him to forget that such coexistence was only gradually brought about in France, and does not present itself at all in other countries which even he must allow are of scarcely inferior rank among nations. In England, for example, and in the United States, what we have termed executive unity prevails to an extent far greater, and in a form far more perfect, than what we meet with at any period in the history of France. The spirit of decentralization, on the other hand, which is so inherent in the political habits of thought both of England and America, has hitherto foiled, and we hope may long continue to foil, every attempt to establish administrative unity—or, in other words, bureaucracy—on a scale at all proportionate to what obtains in France. The subject is one which opens out into a very wide field of inquiry, on which we cannot now enter. We may remark, however, that the differences which exist in this respect between France and England are not confined to the political elements of the national life. They might be extended to the literatures of the two countries, and to the general tone of thought on social and political questions which prevails among Teutonic, as opposed to non-Teutonic races. We think the Comte de Carné would have given deeper and more permanent interest to the volumes before us if he had approached his subject in a larger, more philosophical, and more catholic spirit—if he had shown how the principle of which he is the champion had exercised a paramount influence on every department of French thought. But, waiving these speculations on what he might have done, let us see what he has actually achieved.

Without going back to the Gaul of the Romans—of whose three principal populations Cæsar wrote, *hi omnes linguâ, institutis, legibus inter se differunt*—it would have been difficult to foresee, even as late as the eleventh century, that the Venetian ambassadors would ever have occasion to pen the sentence which we quoted at the outset of these remarks. At the end of that century, the territory of the Crown, in the person of Philippe I., barely extended over an area equivalent to five modern departments. If ever a country seemed destined to be eternally divided against itself, it was feudal France at the commencement of the reign of Louis le Gros. And yet it is with the name of Suger, the minister of that monarch and his successor, that M. de Carné very properly ushers in his series of *Etudes* on the *Fondateurs de l'Unité Française*. To his unceasing efforts, by sword, speech, and pen, during an administration of five-and-

* *Les Fondateurs de l'Unité Française. Etudes Historiques*, par M. Le Comte Louis de Carné. 2 vols. Paris: chez Didier. 1856.

twenty years, it was mainly owing that the power of the Crown assumed an attitude which it had not known before—boldly advancing claims to the exercise of a central and paramount authority higher than the timid suzerainty of the first Capets, and equally distinct from the Imperial type of the Carolingian Empire. Suger's life of Louis le Gros is rife with evidence on this head. In a material point of view, as we have seen, the French monarchy could not be said to wear a very imposing aspect. Hemmed in on every side by jealous vassals, and overshadowed by the power of England, Louis le Gros and his successor must have appeared very insignificant potentates to those who looked back on the traditions of Charlemagne. But though, in point of territory, the monarch's arm was crippled and shortened, the moral influence of the Crown was greatly in the ascendant. M. Guizot has somewhere described the monarchy of that era as *une sorte de juge de paix universel au milieu de la France*. It was in the character of an arbiter—it was by coming forward to avenge injustice and to do battle for the right—it was by proclaiming himself champion of equity and order throughout the dominions of himself, his vassals, and his foes—that Louis le Gros and his able minister won that firm hold on the heart of the nation which paved the way in subsequent reigns for more material aggrandizement. Nothing, perhaps, gives a stronger proof of the improved position of royalty at this period than the fact that during the absence of Louis le Jeune—the son and successor of Louis le Gros—in Palestine, and in spite of the grievous disasters which there befel him, Suger was able to hold his ground as regent for three years, and to enforce ample recognition of the privileges which belonged to the throne, though filled by an Abbé of Saint Denis. The energy and adroitness displayed by the minister in consolidating the power of his master are brought out with considerable ability by M. de Carné—though we must own that his method of historical disquisition is singularly wanting in that unity which he so zealously claims for his country. The *Etude* on Suger, in particular, is very rambling, and might with advantage have been compressed into half the compass. The reader must be prepared to put up with a large amount of rhetoric and twaddle whenever the author, in the course—and occasionally out of the course—of his narrative, catches a glimpse of the papal tiara. Every Pope is in his eyes a St. Paul at least.

Passing over the reigns of Philippe Auguste and Louis VIII., M. de Carné hastens on to that of Saint Louis. So great were the virtues, and so Christian was the life and conversation of that illustrious monarch, that we wax somewhat impatient as we wade through the wordy panegyric with which his memory is here overlaid. Amid the clouds of incense which rise before us, it is somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of any definite outline, or to fix upon the points which entitle Louis IX. to a place among the *Fondateurs de l'Unité Française*. As far as we can gather, the efforts of Saint Louis in the suppression of feudalism—that thorn in the side of royalty—were chiefly directed to the abolition of certain barbarous practices, such as private wars and trial by combat, which were ingrained in the system. This laid the foundation for a more orderly administration of justice, and so far exercised a most powerful check on the domineering spirit of the feudal seigneurs, of which later monarchs were not slow to avail themselves. Louis himself seems to have been actuated by nothing more than the guileless desire of a gentle nature to put down practices repugnant to the conscience of a Christian king. With regard to the famous Pragmatic Sanction which figures among his Ordonnances, and by virtue of which a sturdy resistance was offered to the encroachments of the Papal See, M. de Carné, as might have been expected, sides with those who deny its authenticity. The point is one on which we do not possess sufficient data to form a decided opinion; but so far as the evidence is concerned which our author lays before us, the argument seems to us to break down. M. Guizot, it will be remembered, holds, with Bossuet, that the document is authentic. The point is one, no doubt, of considerable interest; but the tone in which it is here discussed is so much the reverse of dispassionate that few persons probably will be convinced by the perusal of M. de Carné's pages.

It is characteristic of the bias which so constantly warps the judgment of our author, that he has not thought proper to devote more than a page (and that full of abuse) to the memory of Philippe le Bel. That this unworthy grandson of Louis IX. was a selfish despot we are fully prepared to concede; but that such a term as "despot" should at that period have been applicable to a French monarch is a sufficient proof that he ought not to have been excluded from the list of *Fondateurs*. To him, even more perhaps than to St. Louis, was the country indebted for that extension and organization of the judiciary body which dealt so severe a blow against the power of feudalism. His severe enactments against the clergy are sufficient, however, to prevent him from finding favour in the eyes of M. de Carné. The omission involves a very unsightly gap in the gallery of portraits, for we find ourselves passing *per saltum* from Saint Louis to Duguesclin—though how the worthy Constable came to figure among the *Fondateurs* we are as much at a loss to conceive at the end as at the beginning of the *Etude*. We suspect that, both here and in the case of Jeanne D'Arc, our author has attributed to the personal influence of his hero and heroine an action on the formation of the *Unité Française* which is rather to be assigned to the general effect of the wars

with England, in which they confessedly played a conspicuous part. He observes, indeed, with great justice, at the outset of the *Etude*—"Si la royauté consolidait sa puissance, la nationalité était loin de faire les mêmes progrès, et la France n'avait pas encore conscience d'elle-même." It is eminently characteristic of war, however, as Dr. Trench has remarked, "that it compels a people to know itself a people;" and foremost among the compensations for the woful losses entailed on France during her long and arduous struggle with England, may be placed that powerful impetus given to the feeling of nationality with which M. de Carné would fain consecrate the memory of the hero of Brittany and the Maid of Orleans. We are not, however, disposed to quarrel with a misconception to which we are indebted for admirable portraits of two of the most illustrious worthies of France.

The gem of the first volume is the *Etude* on Louis XI. His reign embodies the struggles of the Crown against that revival of feudal power which is known as *la féodalité apanagère*. M. de Carné gives us an excellent insight into the motives and character of the cruel and crafty monarch by whom the struggle was brought to a successful issue. The following passage is not only admirable in style—it is a piece of miniature painting by a master hand:—

Louis XI. n'avait pas seulement l'amour du pouvoir, il en avait aussi la jalousie; il fallait qu'il l'exercât lui-même et sans en communiquer la moindre part. De là le goût des instruments subalternes, la haine de toutes les natures élevées, le besoin d'exercer une action directe, visible à tous les regards. Dans son activité maladroite, ce prince descendait jusqu'aux détails les plus vulgaires, aimant mieux se susciter des embarras par une intervention personnelle, que d'en triompher par d'autres que par lui-même. Il avait les défauts aussi bien que les qualités de son caractère, et nul ne compromit plus souvent le but vers lequel il se dirigeait toujours. Il ne sut jamais ni contenir sa passion, ni l'ajourner, et ses empressements venaient à chaque instant lui enlever le bénéfice de ses tromperies. Mais habile à réparer ses fautes, non moins que prompt à les commettre, il ne déployait jamais plus de ressources que pour sortir des périls qu'il s'était créés. Généreux et clément par spéculation, fidèle à ses créatures par calcul, moins cruel par nature que la plupart des princes de son temps, mais impitoyable par système, il subordonnait tout à son idée fixe, comme un monomane à son point de folie; il aurait joué l'honneur de son nom et le salut de son âme, pour le plus léger succès, portant d'ailleurs dans la perpétration du mal, une sorte d'effroyable bonhomie qui ne se rencontre qu'en lui seul.

Of the second volume we are glad to be able to speak with almost unqualified approbation. The greatness of his subject seems to have made the author cast aside his petty prejudices. Henri IV., Richelieu, and Mazarin are the personages comprised in this volume; and we must do M. de Carné the justice to say that we know of no work in which the labours of these three great men in the consolidation of the *Unité Française* are expounded with greater vigour, fairness, or fidelity. In the case of Henri IV., he has made it his endeavour to develop, not so much personal characteristics, as the national results which that monarch was instrumental in bringing about. "La royauté," he well observes, "n'avait été jusqu'à lui que le couronnement de l'édifice social: Henri s'efforça d'en faire la base même de la société française, et prépara presque toutes les choses accomplies sous son successeur." From his reign, too, dates the institution of the new system of the public law of Europe, as founded on the equilibrium of power, which gave shape and hue to the nationality of France in the scale of European States. We find Richelieu carrying out that centralizing uniformity in the administration of the country which reached its fullest development under the empire of Napoleon I. In the organization of the army and navy, in the machinery of provincial government, and in schemes of finance, he left little for Mazarin to complete; and he handed down the monarchy to Louis XIV. in such a compact and undivided form as to enable the monarch to epitomise his government in the axiom, *L'état c'est moi*—that highest expression of executive and administrative unity. In dealing with Mazarin, M. de Carné wisely eschews the extremes of eulogy and detraction. "Ce ministre était moins propre à triompher de ses ennemis par ses propres efforts, qu'à les conduire à leur perte par l'effet de leurs propres fautes." During the eighteen years that he was in office, one favourite object was ever before his eyes—the annihilation of all resistance to the power of the Crown. This object he achieved more by the craft of a diplomatist and the disingenuous artifices of a little, because cunning mind, than by a lofty statesmanship. We think M. de Carné has assigned him his proper position in history, when he happily styles him "le premier des hommes du second ordre."

A somewhat similar judgment—"foremost among second-rate writers"—we should be inclined to pass on the author of these volumes. M. de Carné is evidently a man of prejudices as strong as they are narrow, and as complete a master of the history of his own country as he is grossly, if not wilfully, ignorant of the history, character, and constitution of every other. Being a loose and inaccurate thinker, the expression of his thoughts is proportionately rambling and obscure. He had sense enough to perceive that unity was the key-note which ran through the history of France; but in tracing the rise and progress of this idea—in fixing upon the kings, statesmen, and heroes under whose auspices it grew and prospered—his choice seems to have been guided by personal sympathies and antipathies, rather than by any philosophical largeness of view, or by that kind of acumen which has been called the "historic sense." A more diligent student of the past, and a more sagacious observer of the present, would not have confounded the living unity by which a nation's might

makes itself felt with the soulless machinery of administrative uniformity. It was the destruction of all dignity and self-respect which this withering system entails, that wrung from Paul Louis Courier the stigma which he fastened on his countrymen, as "non pas le plus esclave mais le plus valet de tous les peuples." We leave it to those who admire the political somnolency which bureaucrats love to dignify by the name of tranquillity and order, to extol an administrative system which gives a nation at once the regularity of a steam-engine and its liability to explode. M. de Tocqueville tells us he has no doubt that, when China is opened to Europeans, they will find in it the most perfect administrative centralization which man can devise. Tranquillity without happiness, industry without progress, stability without force, material order without public morality—such are the elements of which he believes that country to be composed—such are the excellences which certain administrative reformers regard as constituting the *beau idéal* of a well-ordered commonwealth.

It is only fair to M. de Carné to state that he seems perfectly innocent of any comprehension of these aspects of the *Unité Française* to which we have adverted. He has, however, challenged criticism on this head by the prominence he has given to the idea of unity, both in his title-page and in his introduction. Had he simply given us these volumes as a collection of *Etudes Historiques*, the falseness and narrowness of his political principles, and the feebleness of his historical acumen, might have escaped observation amid narratives which are often of absorbing interest, and portraits of creditable vigour and fidelity. The work, at any rate, is one that richly repays perusal, and Parisian wit never perpetrated a greater calumny or a worse pun than in styling it *l'ennui incarné*.

VERDANT GREEN.*

STORIES of University life seem to possess a strange charm for all manner of readers. The young and the old, men and women, seem all to take the greatest interest in the boyish follies of Collegians. *Verdant Green* is not a very true picture of College life, and it is utterly unlike every other kind of life; and yet, though unambitious, it is highly popular. One of the silliest of country boys is supposed to go to Oxford, where he falls in with a set of young scamps who occupy themselves in playing off practical jokes on him. These jokes, and the slang in which all the *dramatis personæ* talk, are the chief recommendations of the book. Still the story is amusing in its way. It reflects, though in a rough manner, the cheerfulness, the lightheartedness, the consciousness of prosperity from the cradle, and the good animal spirits which are characteristic of the sons of English gentlemen. It is not above the level of their honest and hearty childishness. It exhibits what is to be found at the Universities, and perhaps only there—a vice that is scarcely vicious, and a folly that is almost lovable. To boat, to ride, to learn to smoke, and to stand a moderate combination of ginger-preserve and unripe port at wine parties, is really the principal education received by hundreds of young gentlemen at places where an almost exhaustless wealth is nominally devoted to rearing up men fit to do their duty in Church and State. Nor can we deny that this education has its good side. These youthful excesses are, with many, a mere transition from boyhood to manhood. Between the country tailor's "young gent's suit of superfine blue cloth," and the dress of an ordinary adult in London, there may, perhaps, intervene with advantage an intermediate attire of red and yellow plaid, with wool as long as that of a merino sheep. As we meet a young student wearing a chaste costume of this description, in the streets of Oxford or Cambridge, we know that it is but the dress of a day, and that on the morrow the caterpillar will have shed its gaudy covering. We do not ask for wisdom in a country lad who for the first time finds himself free, and tastes the new delight of sauntering into shops, and making himself unwell with ill-managed debauches. We trust that he will soon get sober and sensible, and are satisfied if, at bottom, he retains a love of home, a respect for women, and a preference for what is manly and right.

We can all afford, therefore, without any squeamishness, to laugh over the career of Verdant Green. But, after our laugh is over, there are two observations which will force themselves on any one who really knows the life described. The first of these is, that the kind of College society described in *Verdant Green* is only a section of the great society of a University. We are not speaking of those who are there to give instruction, but of those who come to receive it. We will not attempt to estimate relative proportions; but the number of undergraduates who would take care to keep out of "Verdant Green's set" would be very large. Nor do we refer, in saying this, to those who are prevented by humble circumstances from taking part in the pleasures of the place. The higher kind of students, the members of great public schools, those accustomed to refined society at the houses of their parents, would never think of the endless pursuit of coarse frivolity which absorbs the time of the heroes of *Verdant Green*. A very considerable proportion of young men come up determined to study, and, although the number of those who study for the highest honours is necessarily small, yet there is

probably every year an increasing body of undergraduates who would be both sorry and ashamed to waste their time entirely. All the better part of the University would consider it decidedly low to live and talk like the friends of Verdant Green. Those, therefore, who read this book to see what College life is like, should bear in mind that they have before them a specimen which any Collegian of the better stamp would be sorry to think represented his own career.

Then, again, these boyish follies have their sober side. Drinking and shopping are not always such harmless diversions as they are represented in *Verdant Green*. To put it in no worse light, the endless repetition of small debauches fritters away all power of application, not only to books, but to all the serious business of life. Nor has every father an exhaustless purse to cover all the extravagances committed by purchasers of jewellery, *papier maché*, and prints. It is no use being very serious, or sermonizing very gravely, over such a book as *Verdant Green*; but, as its effect is to make light of all University peccadilloes, we cannot forbear remarking that the penalties paid for youthful indiscretion are sometimes perfectly awful. Those who have left the Universities but a very few years are sure to be able to call to their recollection more than one who, gifted with every faculty of mind that could have won honour or led to knowledge, with every charm of manner, and with noble and honourable feelings, are now lying in a premature grave, simply because they were reckless at College. Nor are Long Vacation pastorals, such as that sketched in the last part of *Verdant Green*, all sunshine and happiness in real life. In the story, Mr. Verdant Green woos Miss Patty Honeywood, and they sit together in the shade of apple-trees, and escape together from the rage of furious bulls, and make love at picnics, and are told their fortunes by gipsies; and then at the end come peace and plenty, and a gay wedding and a new bright young life. But in the actual world these suckling flirtations are apt to end very differently. The real Patty finds, perhaps, that she has to remember and lament for years what is but a passing episode in the life of a boy. The real Verdant secures his Patty, and finds that his seaside or mountain nymph is a vulgar, scheming, uneducated girl, who is tied for life like a millstone round his neck. Out of a hundred young men who might come up to College as simple as Verdant Green, lead as "fast" a life, and engage themselves at twenty, one perhaps might end with a heart uncorrupted, and a bride fit to be a companion for life; but the history of the other ninety-nine would be as sad as it would be instructive.

In the concluding part of *Verdant Green*, the author has had to draw very largely on the credulity of his readers. He takes the hero back to Oxford and exposes him, long after his freshman days are over, to such a stupid practical hoax as a sham initiation into the mysteries of Freemasonry. All the Oxford portion is full of tedious and insipid details. Verdant is made to go to the Fencing Rooms, to shoot pigeons, to visit the University Barge, for no other apparent purpose than because the author, finding these things to be customary at Oxford, was unwilling not to bring them into his story. The first part of the volume is, however, much better; and the description of the wild Border scenery, where the love-making takes place and the long vacation is spent, is vigorous and new. But even here there is not much invention displayed; and when the author wishes to bring out the heroic qualities of two suitors on two different occasions, he does not give us any change in the cause of terror, but makes the young gentlemen each defend his mistress from a raging bull. Nor is the tone of feeling and society very high, as may be guessed from the fact that, when the hero proposes, Miss Patty thinks he must be drunk; and when she perceives that he is sober and in earnest, we learn that "a delicious tremor stole over her." A horrid little man, too, on the return from a picnic, perpetrates a joke such as we should have scarcely expected to have seen attributed to an Oxonian—the fun of which consists in precipitating a young lady and her lover out of a cart into a brook. Throughout, there is an evident, though perhaps not very conscious, imitation of the style of Mr. Dickens in his earlier works. The fun is broad, and the style affected. But we need not be very critical over a little comic book like this. It is readable, and will be widely read; but we hope it will not be implicitly believed, nor accepted as an accurate picture of the way in which all English gentlemen spend the years of their youth.

ELECTION LAW.*

AMONG the books of the day, Mr. Bushby's *Election Manual* is one of the most opportune. Its appearance was not quite early enough to guide candidates safely through the thorny labyrinth of penalties and misdemeanours which the Legislature has planted in their path; but the unfortunates who have already got involved in doubtful transactions, and the hopeful candidates who look to the committee-room to retrieve the defeats they may have suffered at the hustings, will find consolation and assistance—or, it may be, discomfiture and condemnation—in Mr. Bushby's compact little work. Bribery, treating, and undue influence are the principal shoals on which candidates are liable to be wrecked; and, if it were possible to put faith in any Act

* *Mr. Verdant Green, Married, and Done For.* By Cuthbert Bede, B.A. London: James Blackwood, 1856.

* *A Manual of the Practice of Elections in the United Kingdom.* With an Appendix of Statutes and Forms. By Henry Jeffreys Bushby, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Benning, 1857.

of Parliament, these practices ought to have been effectually checked by the stringent provisions of the recent Corrupt Practices Prevention Act. But the working of the statute depends more upon the tone of the election committees which will have first to interpret its enactments than on the mere words of its clauses; and experience may teach us not to rely too confidently on the power of any law to put down a custom which has flourished for centuries, and which candidates and electors have a very appreciable interest in maintaining intact.

Knowing, as every one does, the complete failure of all the Statutes prior to the Act of 1854—which cannot yet be said to have been put to the proof—it is like reading a romance to be told by our author, with a gravity becoming the subject, that the offence of bribing an elector was always punishable, independently of Statute law. But common law was fairly beaten by the uncommon ingenuity of electioneering tactics; and a series of Statutes, passed at pretty frequent intervals, from the time of William and Mary to that of Victoria, have been equally unsuccessful. The first attempt was modestly entitled an Act for Preventing Charge and Expense in Elections; but it was so little successful that it was found necessary to back it up by an Act for the Prevention of Bribery and Corruption. Then came laws to restrain the partiality of returning officers, and to prescribe the oaths to be taken by electors—followed, first, by a new Statute to secure the independence and purity of Parliament, and for the prevention of corrupt practices, and then by a general consolidation of all the terrors which had been accumulated in the course of more than a century. This was in the pure days of George IV.; but the consolidated thunder was not a more effectual deterrent than the isolated peals which it had brought together. One more effort was made to check corruption before the Reform Bill introduced a new régime, but it does not seem to have been more effectual than earlier attempts. The enlargement of the constituencies, if it diminished, certainly did not destroy, the old practice of corruption; and some fifteen years ago another Act was passed, which failed, like all its predecessors, to effect its declared purpose of preventing bribery and treating at the election of members of Parliament. After so many discomfits, the Legislature may well doubt the efficacy of its recent additions to the penalties and disabilities of former Statutes. But there can be no question that the Act now about to be tested by the first general election which has taken place since it was passed leaves fewer available gaps for a coach and six than the ordinary handiwork of the Houses of Parliament.

The weak point of the Common Law definition of bribery seems to have been that it recognised no offence unless the bribe were offered before the election by the accused candidate himself, or by some person to whom he had been foolish enough to give express authority to contravene the law. It did, however, occasionally hit a flagrant culprit—as for example, one Thomas Longe, immortalized by Blackstone as a simple man and of small capacity to serve in Parliament, who, in the days of good Queen Bess, bought his seat of the returning officer at the very moderate figure of 4*l*. He did not, however, take much by his motion, for the House ordered that a fine of 20*l*. be assessed on the corporation for what it was pleased to designate as their lewd and slanderous attempt, and, we believe, rejected the liberal Mr. Longe from the seat which he doubtless regarded as his own purchased property.

But to come to the existing law—it really would seem that the second section of the Act had enumerated every conceivable mode of doing a bit of corruption on the sly. It is not only bribery to give a five-pound note after the coarse fashion of old times—it is equally fatal if the candidate, either by himself or any other person on his behalf, gives, lends, promises, procures, promises to procure, or even promises to endeavour to procure money or money's worth, office, place, or employment, in order to induce any person to vote or refrain from voting, or to procure or endeavour to procure a vote, or if he does any such act corruptly, on account of any voter having voted or refrained.

We have looked to Mr. Bushby's pages to see whether by chance any save the absolutely immaculate can escape the ordeal; and if the committees do but take the same view as our author of this stringent statute, it would seem that the work of suppressing bribery has been pretty effectually done. In order to bring a candidate within the penal clauses of the Act, it would be necessary to show that the offence, if not committed by himself personally, was the act of some person whom he had authorized to do the very things which the statute condemns. But for the purpose of striking off a vote, or disqualifying a candidate, much less than this will, in Mr. Bushby's view, suffice. If the agent bribes, it will be no defence before a Parliamentary Committee to prove that he had no authority to bribe; and almost the only available loop-hole where bribery has, in fact, been committed, seems to be afforded by the difficulty of proving that lawyer A, or committee-man B, was a general agent of the candidate in the matter of the election. It may appear hard to unseat a member who has *bonâ fide* abstained from personal bribery, and who may really have done all in his power to impress upon his agents the duty of a strict regard to the provisions of the Act. But we think that Mr. Bushby's apology for this portion of the statute is based on the right principle—viz., that the avoidance of an election is a purely civil proceeding, intended to secure an unbiased return, and not to punish the candidate. If his punishment were the object, it would be monstrous to inflict a penalty upon a man who is shown to have been personally un-

conscious of any offence having been committed or contemplated; but the election is equally vitiated whether the candidate be implicated in the bribery or not, and it would be palpably impossible to secure purity of election if it were necessary in all cases to bring home the guilt of bribery to the candidate himself.

Still there remain many nice questions as to who are to be deemed agents, so as to make their acts fatal to the return of their employer. The recent Statute has rather increased the difficulty of dealing with points of this kind. It has created a new class of agents for election expenses, and confers certain powers of receiving claims for expenses and the like upon authorized agents acting on behalf of the candidate; and it is not very clear whether the Legislature intended these designations to apply to one and the same class. It has, however, been judicially decided that the agent for election expenses is not by virtue of his office an authorized agent to receive bills and claims, although the two functions may be, and, we believe, have generally been, united in the same person. But a much more material question for candidates is, whether either of these classes of persons are agents in such a sense that bribery committed by them would be imputed to the candidate, and what other persons employed in election business come under the same category. The agents for election expenses would in all probability be considered agents within the meaning of the bribery clause; but it is not clear that the same doctrine would apply to the agents for receiving claims as such. As yet, there are no sufficient data for more than a conjectural construction; but we are inclined to trust to Mr. Bushby's dictum, that all persons to whom the candidate delegates discretionary power in regard to the election, will come within the class of agents. Those who desire to enter more minutely into the consideration of this point will find in Mr. Bushby's book a collection of the authorities which bear upon the point, and may satisfy their anxieties by a study of the cases where canvassing, paying a beer bill, acting as solicitor, as a member of committee, or in a variety of other capacities, have been held sufficient or insufficient to constitute agency for the purpose of an election petition. All these are points which will be diligently studied within the next few weeks, and on which it would be needless for us to enlarge at length. We can only express our hopes that the Statute may be carried out in a spirit which will give an effectual death-blow to bribery and corruption in every shape.

LIVES OF PHILOSOPHERS.*

THIS is a very agreeable volume of scientific biography, à l'usage des gens du monde. M. Flourens is not a powerful thinker, and as a writer he is not without affectation; but he is always clear, popular, and pleasant, and there is no headache in his pages. These *éloges*, which sketch the lives and achievements of Fontenelle, Cuvier, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Blumenbach, De Blainville, and Leopold de Buch, were read before a public assembly, and may therefore be read in private by any of the unscientific public. With one exception, they are *Éloges* in the primitive sense of the word. That exception is the one on De Blainville, in which the well-known combativeness of the great zoologist is insisted on with such emphasis that we feel persuaded M. Flourens must have had his *amour propre* wounded by the haughty and irritable *savant* whose character he so darkly paints.

The volume opens with a sketch of the history of the Academy, in reference to Fontenelle. It is more anecdotal than historical, but will probably be all the more acceptable on that account. The *éloge* on Cuvier, as might have been expected, is little more than a prolonged glorification of the man and his works, with no hint of his weaknesses and deficiencies. Perhaps we have no right to look for such hints in an *éloge*—at any rate he would be a bold man who ventured, in the face of a French audience, to suggest that Cuvier was mortal, and constantly unphilosophical. He is their *gloire*, and they are not accustomed to stint adulation towards their great men, for their national vanity becomes at once identified with every individual success. In justice to M. Flourens, it should be added, that in speaking of Geoffroy St. Hilaire—Cuvier's great rival—he is equally liberal in praise. Indeed, we regard this *éloge* as the best in the volume—it is fuller of personal details, and its exposition is more succinct.

Very interesting, and to us quite new, is the account of Blumenbach, the father of Ethnology. Before his labours, this science had no existence. In various verse men murmured—

The noblest study of mankind is man—

but they had not yet hit upon the proper method of studying him. The history of the human race was far less accurately known than the history of dogs and horses. We were perplexed with errors of three kinds—physical, social, and moral. Blumenbach appeared, banished the physical errors, or at any rate destroyed our confidence in them; and by that one service he destroyed our confidence in all the others. The question of races was opened. Ethnology grew to be a science.

John Frederick Blumenbach was born at Gotha, in 1752. He was born a professor. His father was a professor. His mother was the daughter of a professor. In his infancy he manifested the inquiring and meditative tendency which was destined to make him insatiable for knowledge, and profound in his speculations on what

* *Eloges Historiques. lus dans les Séances Publiques de l'Académie des Sciences.* Par P. Flourens. Paris.

he knew. He played little and observed much. He tried to make out the structure of an insect or a plant, and ingeniously explained whatever was unknown to him. When only ten years old, he puzzled himself with comparative osteology. At that time the city of Gotha possessed a skeleton, and but one. The owner, a physician, was a friend of the Blumenbach family, and was the cause of our young anatomist making him very frequent visits, during which he looked more at the skeleton than at the physician. At last, he chose the opportunities of the physician's absence to go and study this skeleton, under pretence of awaiting his friend's return. The result of these stolen interviews was to impress vividly on his mind, not only the form of every bone, but its connexions. He now resolved to have a skeleton of his own. But how? He nightly made adventurous researches in the grave-yards, but had not the courage to rob the graves, and no great supply of bones was to be found. He determined to content himself with the bones of domestic animals, out of which, by a little manœuvring and patience, he hoped to manufacture a skeleton bearing some resemblance to the human. These bones were all carefully hidden in his bedroom, where in secret he pursued his studies; but at length the maid-servant discovered this "human skeleton" so ingeniously commenced; and her horror at this "sacrilege" made such a hubbub in the house that the young philosopher went to his mother in tears, and confessed the whole. His mother, counselled by the physician, wisely resolved not to check so remarkable a disposition, and had the collection of bones removed to an upper attic, which became his studio. This was the modest commencement of that osteological collection which afterwards became famous all over Europe.

At the age of seventeen, Blumenbach went to Jena, where he found Sömmering, a student of his own age, and sharing his own tastes. The two students became fast friends, sharing everything. Blumenbach lent his books, Sömmering his anatomical preparations; and in the long hours of toil they predicted for each other a reputation which each achieved. After passing three years at Jena, Blumenbach went to Göttingen, which had been made illustrious by the presence of Haller. It was here he made the friendship of an old professor, immensely learned, and possessing a very remarkable collection of works on geography, philology, and travels. Blumenbach, who already dreamed of writing a history of the human race, was enchanted at finding such a mass of material at his disposal. The result was his dissertation *De Generis Humani varietate nativa*, 1775.

It was after this that he began to form his own anthropological collection. He induced the University to purchase the collection of his old friend, and became himself the conservator of the treasures, which he soon made famous by his lectures. We must pass over the subsequent events of his glorious career to pause awhile on his visit to London, where he was received by the Royal Society with great enthusiasm. One night he went to see Kemble play *Othello*; and some days afterwards he met the great tragedian in company. "Do you think, sir," asked Kemble, "that I succeeded in accurately representing the negro character?" Blumenbach's answer was very characteristic:—"The moral characteristics, yes; but all my illusion was at an end when you opened your hands; you wore black gloves—now the negroes have the inside of the hand flesh colour." Every one laughed, but the ethnologist was profoundly serious. The same preoccupation with his favourite ideas was curiously displayed at the audience with Napoleon. He was admitted to this "solemnity," and doubtless was not a little nervous; but when Napoleon appeared in the *salle*, brilliant with ambassadors of various nations, and when every eye was fixed upon the Emperor, Blumenbach never looked at him. He had before him the ambassadors of Persia and Morocco—"two nations I had never seen," he *naïvely* added.

Blumenbach died on the 18th January, 1840, having lived nearly a century, and having left his name for ever marked in the history of science as that of the man who first proved the unity of the human race. Pliny seriously speaks of men with but one leg, with eyes on their shoulders, and

Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

In the sixteenth century, Rondelet, the excellent naturalist, gravely described *marine men*, living in the sea, with beards of seaweed and coverings of scales. In the eighteenth century, Maupertuis is eloquent on Patagonian giants, whose conceptions are as vast as their bodies. Even Linnæus classed the orang outang in the same family as man. It was reserved for Blumenbach to prove the *physical unity* of the whole human race, and to demarcate the human from all other races.

We should add that M. Flourens, besides narrating the biographies of the philosophers in a pleasant style, has greatly enriched these *éloges* by notes, in the course of which he gives lists of all the works, in order of date, written by each *savant* spoken of. Altogether the volume is very acceptable.

POEMS, BY EMMELINE HINXMAN.*

THERE has of late been so much poetry of the "spasmodic school," that one is really almost afraid to open a new volume of poems. For this state of things Mr. Tennyson is, we fear, in some degree answerable. Himself so great a poet

that he can afford occasionally to startle our sense of poetic propriety, he has given a sort of license to a swarm of noxious poetasters whose existence is simply a nuisance. These writers have seized upon his most questionable solecisms, and, interweaving them with passion exaggerated to burlesque, and sentiment gone raving mad, have served them up wholesale to a greedy public, which only finds out their loathsomeness when it has half swallowed them. Under these circumstances it is a relief to meet with a volume of poems free from the prevailing taint, and (whatever other merits it may have) wholly anti-spasmodic. Mrs. Hinxman is, we think, on the right track. If these poems give no extraordinary evidences of power—and yet they are not entirely free from such—they are, at all events, the simple and natural product of a thoughtful and earnest, yet gentle mind, keenly alive to moral and physical beauty. There are signs, too, of a good ear—or we should say rather, of an ear good at times. It is strange how rare this faculty is, and how inconstant. For instance, there are passages in Wordsworth's poetry equal in melody to Milton's *Lycidas*—and that is as high as praise can go—and there are others actually harsh and discordant; while by far the greater number are, in respect of mere sound, indifferent. But we will quote a few specimens of Mrs. Hinxman. Take the following as the first sample:—

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, and sweet, and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Check'd every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild bird's happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heav'n ascended.

We thought of Him who had pour'd the rills,
And thro' the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love,
On those calm summits dwelling.

Though they include one or two rather careless lines, there are few readers, we should think, who will not derive pleasure from these verses. With a little more polish, for which a more careful study of the niceties of metrical science is requisite—and for this there can be no better instructor than Tennyson—Mrs. Hinxman seems likely to succeed admirably in this style of composition.

There is hardly a greater rarity than a good ballad—it is almost as rare as a good sonnet. Wordsworth could not write one, for he was sure to push simplicity to affectation. The best that we know is Schiller's *Ritter Toggenburg*; and Tennyson's *Lord of Burghley* is a great favourite of ours. Mrs. Hinxman has been bold enough to try her hand at this kind of writing; and how far she has succeeded, our readers shall judge:—

Fair Ismay sits at the spinning-wheel,
Beside her father's mill;
But oft doth hang the idle thread,
And oft her foot is still.

There is light in the glance of her wandering eye,
As she looks on the purple moor,
On the wood that droops to the glassy loch,
And the valley's emerald floor.

Who is this in such sore speed,
Comes pressing up the hill?
"O haste," he cries, with panting breath,
"Fair Ismay of the mill!"

"The young lord lies upon the rocks;
He has fallen with his steed—
A dying man, alas! is he,
And prays thee come with speed."

* Poems. By Emmeline Hinxman. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

Forth then stopt the miller's dame,
"And this is news of woe;
And wherefore, I pray, should daughter of mine
To the young lord's death-bed go?"

"Oh whither else should I go?" she cried;
"O mother, let be," she cried—
She skims, like a frightened bird let loose,
Along the steep brae side.

They have drawn him from the stony hill
Into a sheltered nook—
A sward where slender birches group
Beside a falling brook.

The mossy stones lie round like sheep,
The wild rose trails her wreath,
The harebells hang their clustering heads
Beside that bed of death.

The scared huntsmen stand aloof;
By his browsing steed each one;
But the grey-haired father, kneeling, weeps
Over his dying son.

Fair Ismay, silent, pale, and swift,
Comes gliding to the place;
She lifts his head upon her knees,
And wipes the death-dew'd face.

"Hear now," he said, with low, clear voice,
And the hunters all drew nigh,
"This woman is a wedded wife—
Her lawful husband I."

"I married her at St. Mirian's shrine,
This will the priest avow;
And thou, my wife, before all eyes,
The bridal token show."

She drew a ribbon from her breast,
And in the chequered shade
The little ring before all eyes
Its glittering answer made.

We will quote one other passage—a picture of a Dutch girl skating. It is full of spirit and tenderness:—

Now straight in course as star that shoots
By night down Autumn skies serene,
Now like a swallow at its play,

The maiden takes her homeward way.
Her young face glows, her eye is bright,
Her limbs are full of one delight;
From parted lips the happy breath
Before her floats in silvery wreath.
She meets the wind in joy and pride,
Like one that swims against the tide;
She meets the wind—abroad she flings
Her heart and soul upon its wings.

This poor young lady is only introduced to be killed. Indeed, we are sorry to see that Mrs. Hinxman leans towards that class of poets of whose stock in trade death is the staple commodity. We would give her a friendly caution against this tendency. In novels it is seen to perfection in Miss Yonge, whose tales (admirable in other respects) are full of the most ruthless and wanton homicide. It is at best a stale expedient—that of killing off your pet characters—and is a sure sign of weak inventive powers. Let Mrs. Hinxman, as she has avoided the "spasmodic," avoid also the churchyard school. We hope this is not the last volume of poems that she will give to the world.

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